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A NUMBER of dispatches from Berlin have recently been published in the daily papers, which indicate a renewal of the agitation in Germany on behalf of an unrestricted use of the submarine for commerce-destroying. It would be interesting to know the purpose of the German government in allowing this news to be communicated to the American public. In the absence of such knowledge one can only venture a number of more or less plausible guesses. That the Germans have abandoned all idea of renewing the submarine attack on commerce we do not believe. In any event the decision to do so would be dictated not by a desire to conciliate the United States but by the knowledge that the weapon itself could not be effectively used. If they are pushed to the wall and see a humiliating treaty of peace staring them in the face they will adopt any military or naval expedient which may help to avert or even postpone the disaster. But in all probability they will not fall back upon such a costly weapon as the submarine warfare on commerce except as a last desperate resort. We do not believe, consequently, that the Berlin dispatches indicate an early cancellation of their understanding on this point with the American government. Neither is it at all probable that the agitation in favor of an unrestricted submarine policy is sufficiently formidable to have escaped the control of the government. The transmission of these dispatches probably foreshadows diplomatic activity on the part of the German government rather than a renewal of offensive submarine warfare. A presidential election is pending, Congress has forged for the President a formidable instrument of retaliation against Great Britain. The German government must be anxious to have the instrument used; and they may be preparing to exercise pressure on the American government to use the weapon for the purpose of enforcing American grievances against Great Britain. The situation offers possibilities which the Germans are not likely to overlook or neglect.

IF the Germans intend to make trouble the result of the attempt is likely to depend in part on the disposition shown by British officials to ameliorate American grievances. That such a disposition exists and is obtaining increasingly effective expression is undoubtedly the case. The British make no concessions to American legal claims, but they are making substantial concessions in the administration of the blockade. A part of the sting has been taken out of it for the larger American exporters by the "letters of assurance" issued through the British Embassy at Washington which permit some business to be done with the neutral neighbors of Germany. Over ten thousand letters a month are sent from the Embassy under this arrangement. In the case of the mails Great Britain has assuaged American grievance by expediting a special mail bag marked "shipping documents" which the New York Post Office transmits without being expressly ordered so to do either by the Postmaster General or the State Department. And during the past week Sir Richard Crawford, trade adviser of the Em-

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bassy, has been negotiating with New York exporters in the hope of reaching an arrangement whereby other classes of mail can be distinguished and expedited. In this way the losses consequent upon the drastic administration of British maritime policy are being diminished and American business men are being induced to cease active protests and to be contented with the abundant business which they can transact in spite of the blockade.

IT must be admitted, however, that the form which the "benevolent" neutrality of the United States is now taking leaves the American government in an equivocal and humiliating position. The controversy over the blockade, after being made the excuse for spasmodic and noisy explosions by our government, has subsided since the British reply of last April. The policy of the mail seizures, attacked in January, 1916, as "vexatiously inquisitorial" and in May with the statement that "only a radical change in policy will satisfy this government," has not been essentially altered. The note about the mails of May 26th with its request for "immediate" redress of grievances will receive an answer only during the current week, four months after its transmission. All the British are willing to concede is remedies for the grosser defects in the administration of their policy. American business men are being mollified by a series of underground agreements which enable Great Britain to do all that she wants to do at the smallest possible cost, and by allowing such agreements to run, the American government is tacitly consenting to the abrogation of what it has officially declared to be unimpeachable American rights. There is evidence that the State Department is becoming uneasy about the situation in which it is being placed. Its officials are beginning to feel either that the notes should have been milder or the attempt to enforce their claims more vigorous. Even a friend of benevolent neutrality may sympathize with this dissatisfaction. The State Department has been uncompromising enough in words to exasperate the governments of the western Powers but lax enough in action to be put in the undignified position of conniving at all kinds of administrative violations of the very principles whose validity it has so sternly asserted.

BY this time Mr. Willcox of the Republican National Committee ought to be extremely sorry that he fell foul of the recent national child-labor law. Forgetting that only two Republicans in the Senate, Oliver and Penrose, voted against the bill, Mr. Willcox has sought to discredit it as a measure of President Wilson's. He said that it was "a warehouse bill, instead of a child-labor bill," that it contains as it stands "one of the biggest jokers ever concealed in the mazes of Congressional verbiage." There is one Republican, Senator Cummins, who properly resents this amazing criticism. "If Republicans are making any such charge against the law in order to discredit the administration," he said this week in a letter to Owen R. Lovejoy, secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, "the effort is disreputable and must react upon those who are foolish enough to give currency to the charge." The so-called "warehouse" clause is clearly analyzed in a pamphlet sent out by Mr. Lovejoy and shown to mean something quite different from what Mr. Willcox took it to mean. Mr. Willcox assumed that the law could be made ineffectual simply by removing "tainted" goods to a warehouse and holding them for thirty days before shipment. Mr. Lovejoy and Senator Cummins agree that this is a false interpretation. What the law does prohibit is interstate commerce in goods that are the product of a factory which, within thirty days of the removal of the goods, employed child labor. It is the cheapest kind of campaign flub-dub to proclaim as a "joker" this carefully debated clause.

MR. HUGHES has pointed out in his speeches that this federal child-labor law affects only 150,000 children. This is a relevant fact. No federal legislation can be devised that will correct the worst evils of child labor, taking it quantitatively, since federal legislation can affect only a small proportion of the children who work. There are 1,850,000 children at work in the United States who can be reached only by state legislation. The federal law cannot help the child slaving on a truck farm near a big city or the little cashgirl or the newsboy or the messenger boy or the cotton-picker or the under-age domestic drudge. These future citizens are one of the great problems of national preparedness and efficiency, if nothing else, and Mr. Lovejoy is absolutely right in saying that the fight for them is only just begun.

THOSE who are trying to understand the intricate question of European plans for economic grouping after the war will find a recent publication of the National Foreign Trade Council a most enlightening introduction. It is a little book called "European Economic Alliances," published at India House, Hanover Square, New York. It costs twenty-five cents. Merely as a piece of editing and exposition the book is noteworthy for the skill with which it surveys an intricate subject and the lucidity with which it presents the issues as they affect America. No hasty con-

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clusion and no off-hand irritation mar the book. It is a calm presentation of the main facts of a problem which may overshadow all others when the war is concluded. It should have immediate and wide circulation, and the National Foreign Trade Council deserves hearty thanks for a fine public service. We trust as the issues become clearer and more facts are available, supplements will be issued in order that American opinion may have the necessary basis of information for finding its way among questions which affect so intimately the peace and prosperity of the world.

NEW YORK Progressives who have a chance to vote either in the district where Mr. Meyer London is running for reëlection, or in that where Mr. Morris Hillquit is the candidate, have an easy choice. There are not so many districts this year where the liberal can vote enthusiastically for a candidate who is positively good, rather than select the least distressing of two mediocrities. Although a solitary congressman in his first term is cramped under the machine methods which control the House, Mr. London was a noticeable figure in the sincerity and depth of feeling and in the intellectual distinction which he brought to debates on the floor and to committee work. He was always listened to with a peculiar respect by his colleagues, and perhaps also with some sense of inferiority before the high and disinterested seriousness with which he looked upon his work as a legislator. In Mr. Hillquit the Socialist party has nominated its ablest statesman, the one preëminently executive figure among its leadership. Mr. Hillquit deserves election not only for his wide scholarship in legal, political, and economic matters, but for his long and brilliant record of public service in the city of New York. In innumerable instances, from the garment strikes to the present traction difficulties, Mr. Hillquit has shown an insight into underlying causes, a power of negotiation, and a fertility of invention which ought to be drafted at once into the service of the nation.

CAN armed interference with voters be excused on the grounds of "industrial necessity"? That is the problem Mr. Rockefeller's corporation put up to the Supreme Court of Colorado, when Mr. Rockefeller's lawyers pleaded that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was justified in putting armed guards on the polling places in many of their Colorado coal camps to keep control of the last governorship election. The Supreme Court has now decided: "The defense relies not upon conflicting evidence but upon the contention that the conduct of the election was justified as 'an industrial necessity.' We have heard much in this state, in recent years, as to the denial of inherent and constitutional rights of citizens being justified by 'military necessity,' but this we believe is the first time in our experience when the violation of fundamental rights of freemen has been attempted to be justified by the plea of 'industrial necessity.' Even if we were to concede that there may be some palliation in the plea of military necessity, on the theory that such acts purport to be acts of the government itself, through its military power and with the purpose of preserving the public peace and safety, yet that a private corporation, with its privately armed forces, may violate the most sacred rights of the citizenship of the state and find lawful excuse in the plea of private 'industrial necessity' savors too much of anarchy to find approval by courts of justice." This decision got rid of Jeff Farr, the notorious sheriff of Huerfano County. But has it eradicated the extraordinary philosophy of "industrial necessity"?

SINCE women are admitted to the bar in New York State it is clearly important that they should obtain the best training that the state affords. How long, we wonder, will Columbia University require to accede to this view. The Columbia law school is not a club, and belonging to the male sex should not be equivalent to belonging to the privileged sex. Medicine, sociology and Elizabethan drama are open to women at Columbia, but not the law. We do not believe that there is any robust anti-feminism in the attitude of those who do not arrange for the women who desire to enter the law school. Their indifference and inertia, however, are sufficiently discouraging, and the feminist is entitled to make capital out of it. Does anyone imagine that the foremost law school in the state would be closed to women if New York were a suffrage state?

"WE are most strongly of opinion," says the London *Spectator,* "that such a revolution as female suffrage cannot be allowed to reach us by a side-wind. If the political prerogative of men is to perish, it must perish in the light and not incidentally." One's political manhood, if it must go, should be lost in a head-wind and about the middle of the day. It seems that the *Spectator,* while it does not believe the loss of the political prerogative can be averted, does insist that there shall be some sort of dignity and circumstance in the manner of its taking off. To lose it, like a hat, on turning the street corner of a gusty evening, may cause a genuine regret for not having taken the proper precautions, whereas if it is wrenched away after a manly struggle, civiliza-

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tion will at least feel that it has done something toward holding its own. It is an entirely natural point of view, and this plaintive expression of it really touches a chivalrous chord in us; but, after all, what can be done about it? That is the way with all those revolutions which have been so long in the social vicinity that we cease to notice them. Whom revolutions wish to destroy they first make absent-minded. As a suffragist "organ" addressing an anti-suffragist "organ," about to lose its cause, we desire to be in all respects magnanimous. So far as we are concerned, we had as lief that female suffrage arrived in a howling gale, accompanied by thunder and lightning, as in a side-wind.

IT is discovered that women this past year have invaded the Phi Beta Kappa society, high citadel of learning, in equal numbers with men. Sufficiently dark was the hour when, in 1875, it was granted women attaining equal scholarship to be admitted at all. But how much worse to-day when next year's report may show as many as half a dozen female in excess of male members! The whole trend here would seem to ignore the fundamental differences between the minds of the sexes. We may even be forced to abandon that picturesque phrase "the feminine intellect." The time is ripe for a stand and this the Rev. Oscar Vorhees, secretary of the fraternity, has just taken with a Canute-like gesture at the national conference. Earnestly he recommends that annual admission of women be curtailed. "It will be generally conceded," he blandly urges, "that a larger share of its [the society's] reputation must come from its men members." Neither artistic achievement nor professional and industrial progress on the part of women need blind us to this axiomatic truth.

LIBEL suits against newspapers are never mentioned by their contemporaries, except in cases of great public interest. Such a case is that of Henry Ford v. the Chicago *Tribune*. The *Tribune*, it appears, is accused of calling Mr. Ford an anarchist, and Mr. Ford is angry. It is important for the public to know whether Mr. Ford is an anarchist—almost as important as it was to know whether Mr. Fairbanks ever drank a cocktail. Has Mr. Ford's notorious opposition to anarchy among nations been merely a blind to conceal an intention of throwing bombs at President Wilson? But suppose the plaintiff establishes his innocence there is still a defense for the *Tribune*. There are different kinds of anarchists, and it is not necessarily defamatory to use an appellation which was gloried in by Count Tolstoy and Prince Kropotkin. Thus would a graceful compliment be turned, and a new Ford joke avoided.

Essential Conditions of Peace

IN the discussion which has been proceeding fitfully in Great Britain about the terms of a possible treaty of peace, the accomplishment of two different objects has been urged as essential to any satisfactory adjustment. The Allies are, it is said, entitled to obtain sufficient security against a repetition of the German attack, and such security they cannot get unless the German nation is taught a much needed lesson, unless it is made to realize and repent of its mistake. But this is not all. The Allies have not proposed merely to beat Germany. They have appealed for the sympathy and support of neutrals on other grounds. They have been fighting, as Mr. Asquith himself has declared, "to enthrone public right" in the European system. In the new Europe which was to emerge after the war, not only would the Allies themselves feel secure, but their feeling of security would be shared by all other nations willing to keep the peace.

As soon, however, as the terms of peace which would accomplish both of these objects began to be defined, difficulties were encountered. It is, of course, easy enough to propose terms which would render the Allies secure against a renewal of German aggression in the immediate future. The Allies, if victorious, could strip Germany of her defenses and leave her even more helpless in her isolation than France was after 1871. But how could such an object be reconciled with the declared object of enthroning public right in the constitution of Europe? Any authentic system of public right must be made for the security of Germany as well as that of Belgium and France just in so far as the German nation shows any disposition to keep the peace; and what would become of German security, in case the Germans were left more defenseless than France was after 1871? In so far as the two divergent objects were irreconcilable, which would be sacrificed?

A significant but sinister expression of opinion on this matter has recently been published in the *Round Table*—a magazine which is the mouthpiece of a moderate and liberal group of English political thinkers. In its September issue the essential condition of peace is declared to be the destruction of Germany's political and military control over her neighbors. "The number of non-Germans under the control of Berlin must be so reduced that it ceases to be possible for Germany to think of conquering all Europe in arms." As to the "enthronement of public right," that has become of secondary importance. After Germany's political and military control over her neighbors is destroyed, then the Allies will seek

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"an adequate guarantee of public right in the world." They do not wish to be distracted by considerations of public right until after the treaty of peace is signed.

If the foregoing statements of principle had been made in the London *Times* or the *Morning Post* they would not provoke any surprise, but it is discouraging to find a magazine like the *Round Table*, whose editors attach so much importance to effective international organization, cheerfully sacrificing manifest international values to the rigors of exclusive national policy. They advocate a treaty of peace determined by one overwhelming consideration—fear of Germany. It is to be determined, that is, by a military object, the supposed necessity of diminishing the fighting strength of the Central Powers as compared with that of the Allies. Just as Germany retained Metz in 1871, in order to render future French resentment less dangerous, so the purpose underlying the coming treaty must be that of forestalling German revenge by condemning it to impotence.

Thus the Allies are not to take any chances about the German state of mind after the war. They do not want to find out whether the German nation will keep the peace. Whatever the Germans think, they are to be prevented from being dangerous to their neighbors by being deprived of the power. They are to be made the subject of a special discrimination in the European international system. Russia is to be allowed to exercise military control over many millions of non-Russians, such as Finns, Poles, Armenians, Persians and Mongolians. France will have hordes of subject peoples in Africa and Asia whom she can arm for the accomplishment of her political purposes. Great Britain will control in part the military and industrial resources of hundreds of millions of Indians and other Orientals. But Germany is to be denied a similar privilege. Because she has made the mistake which all powerful nations have made at some period in their history and presumed to be dangerous to her neighbors, she is to be converted into a permanent suspect among nations. Europe is to be organized essentially for the purpose of denying to Germany opportunities for expansion, to which all other great nations consider themselves entitled. German insecurity and impotence is to be considered the cornerstone of European security.

The Germans ought to feel flattered at such a tribute from an enemy to their own military, political and racial vigor. The Entente Allies exert by far the most formidable collection of military and naval power ever subject to one control in the history of the world. In population, in wealth and in military and naval resources they already possess a substantial superiority over the Central Powers. When the war broke out the inhabitants of Germany and Austria-Hungary numbered approximately 120,000,000, of which less than 80,000,000 were of German blood. Omitting from consideration the divided Balkans, there are in the ranks of the Allies about 170,000,000 Russians, 30,000,000 Italians, 38,000,000 Frenchmen, and 45,000,000 British. The enumeration omits, of course, the French and English colonies and self-governing dominions. If, consequently, the principle proposed by the *Round Table* is to determine the treaty of peace, if the Germans are to be deprived of the military assistance of as many non-Germans as may be necessary to render the Germans comparatively impotent, the Allies will have an interesting calculation to make. How many millions have to be deducted from 120,000,000 men, chiefly Germans, in order to make over 280,000,000 non-Germans safe from their aggressive ambitions? If you take away the 30,000,000 Slavs now subject to the Austro-Hungarian Empire and add them to the population of Russia and her allies, there would be a total of over 310,000,000 anti-Germans as against 90,000,000 Germans and Hungarians. Would a preponderance of three and one-half to one be sufficient to protect the non-Germans from German aggression?

Surely the calculation is unnecessary. If the Allies win the war it will not be the Allies who will be endangered by the Central Powers, but the Central Powers who will be endangered by the Allies. Assuming that the Allies hold together, their future preponderance over their present enemies would be incontestable. Germany would not dare to strike unless she succeeded in breaking up the Alliance, and in that event such calculations about comparative resources would become worthless. By virtue of victory itself the Allies would have made the Germans sufficiently realize the futility of an attempt to conquer Europe in arms. The treaty of peace should be framed not as a new embodiment of an essentially military organization of Europe, but as the first step toward an improved substitute. We fully realize, of course, the impossibility of asking the Allied nations to return the Central Powers to their former place in the European system as soon as the war is over. The latter will remain suspect for a while; but during this transitional period nothing should be done to prevent, at a later date, that "enthronement of public right" to which the Allied governments are explicitly committed. The essential condition of peace proposed by the *Round Table* would place, if embodied in the treaty, an insuperable obstacle in the way of the establishment for an indefinite period of a valid system of public right.

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By adopting the proposed policy the Allied nations would, indeed, be teaching the Germans a lesson, but it would be a lesson which the Germans do not need to learn. The German nation understands fully the logic of weakening an enemy because you are afraid of him, and the application of the policy to themselves would merely confirm in their minds what inclination they have to believe in the reign of superior force. Liberal Germans, who would be glad to use German failure in the war as a proof of the tragic futility of militaristic ambitions, would be deprived of effective ground for agitation. The ruling classes in Germany could claim that Europe was conspiring to deprive Germany of independence, and the accusation would be sufficiently true to convince the vast majority of self-respecting Germans. They would believe that the real object of the Allies in postulating German weakness as an essential condition of peace was different from its declared object. They would attribute the peace terms of the Allies to the wish to emancipate the Foreign Offices of Petrograd and London from the inconvenient necessity of consulting the Germans in deciding questions of international policy; and their interpretation would have the justification of corresponding with the fact if not the intention. Would not any self-respecting nation placed in such a situation swear an oath never to rest until it had regained by its own efforts its freedom of action? If the Germans were pushed into taking such an oath the peace of Europe would be compromised for an indefinite future, and the United States would have a stronger inducement than ever to keep clear of the hopeless animosities of a divided Europe.

Democratic Intervention

THE right of a nation to rule or riot as it wills is going the way of the right of a private person to do what he wills with his own property. There is no absolute, sovereign nation, immune by natural or divine law from influences originating beyond its own borders. The Turk can no longer assert that what he does with the Armenians is his private business. What Russia does with her Jews, what England does with her Irish, are matters of international concern. Not less is it a matter of international concern what Mexico does with her peons, her land holders, her merchants and bankers. Wisdom or unwisdom in the treatment of these classes may make for harmony or civil war. But civil war is always potentially international. Any flame of war may spread, as the embers of the Albanian and Macedonian revolts were fanned into the Balkan wars, which produced the present world conflagration. The peace of Europe might have been preserved if its diplomacy had proved equal to the Macedonian question.

Whether the peace of America is to remain undisturbed in future may depend in larger measure than we now suppose upon our ability to solve the Mexican question. We have not merely to assure peace to our border districts, although this may be the only formal ground on which we can force a discussion of the Mexican situation. We must address ourselves seriously to the problem of meeting the obligations implied in our Monroe Doctrine. The prevailing European opinion three years ago was that we were mismanaging international interests in Mexico most shockingly. European statesmen did not, however, dare to oppose our policies, because they were conscious of the instability of the European diplomatic structure. There was already at hand all the vexation and danger they cared to contemplate. But when peace comes again, and the struggle for international trade is renewed, we may be called to a far more rigid accounting of our Mexican stewardship. British and French interests have suffered heavily in the last seven years. If the Allies issue from the war victorious, they will hardly be in a mood to sacrifice their interests to our sensibilities.

Intervention in Mexican affairs is, accordingly, something we could not have avoided. We have never had an administration more adverse to intervention than that of Mr. Wilson. As soon as the Carranza revolution gained headway, the dominant Washington formula was to leave it to the Mexicans to work out their own destinies. This makes it the more remarkable that the administration has been forced to the position, voiced by the American members of the International Commission, that the border difficulties are merely symptomatic of underlying social and economic conditions, and that these conditions may properly be drawn within the range of discussion. This is intervention of a far more thoroughgoing character than the professional interventionists had proposed. All they had urged was the establishment of a government strong enough to crush armed revolt. The underlying social discontent of a people not oppressed by alien rule has never before been conceived of as in itself justifying foreign intervention. As contrasted with the methods of conventional diplomacy, this form of intervention may be characterized as democratic. It is an attempt to exert influence, not merely upon a government but upon a people.

Since we have been forced to embark upon this novel form of intervention, we cannot regard our obligations as fulfilled when we have simply exhausted the conventional methods of applying pressure. The threat of armed invasion, the jug-

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gling with formal recognition or non-recognition, can accomplish little in the direction of extirpating economic distress and social disorder. If civil harmony in Mexico is a matter of our national interest, justifying our active intervention, we must be prepared to secure it through positive measures, involving sacrifices, if necessary.

What is obviously fundamental is the placing of Mexican finances on a sound basis. With adequate funds, the Mexican government could reform its currency, relieving private industry from the incubus of a fluctuating standard and liberating the poor from the loss and exploitation that always attend a paper-money régime. With adequate funds, the Mexican government could pay off its superfluous soldiers and inaugurate public works to provide relief employment until the period of adjustment to conditions of peace is concluded. It could make more rapid progress in the work of public instruction, and acquire lands for distribution to the peons, without resort to disorderly methods of confiscation.

But adequate funds are not to be had through taxation. A country exhausted by civil war is not in position to yield large tax revenues. Nor are such funds to be secured through domestic loans. Not many Mexicans have money, and the few who are wealthy are as a rule not well disposed toward any reform government. A foreign loan could at present be floated only in the United States, and in view of the putative instability of any government Mexico has or may set up, private investors would avoid such a loan unless it carried terms that would prove onerous to the Mexican people.

But a Mexican loan could be floated at terms moderate enough to satisfy the most economical financier if it were guaranteed by the United States. England is lending immense sums to Russia and Italy, in order that they may coöperate effectively with her in the work of war. The United States could afford to lend money to Mexico to enable her to coöperate effectively in the work of peace. But a direct loan is not required. All that is necessary is a guaranty that in case Mexico failed to meet her obligation, the United States would make it good.

This, it may be urged, would impair the sovereignty of Mexico. Not in the least: Mexico would be obligated to us only by her honor, as Russia and Italy are obligated to England. We should no more attempt to collect defaulted payments by force than England would attempt forcibly to collect sums due from Italy and Russia. It may be urged that the United States has no right to incur obligations for the benefit of a foreign nation. But this right stands on the same footing as the right of intervention. If we interfere at all in Mexico's affairs, it is by virtue of the fact that our national interests are involved. And if our national interests are in question, there is no reason why we should balk at the incurring of financial responsibility, even if the immediate beneficiary is a foreign state. As for the possibility that Mexico might repudiate, leaving that loss to us, we may comfort ourselves with the reflection that it would be better to lose a few hundred millions in this way than to invest them in punitive expeditions or permanent border defenses. The sums we have spent since the Columbus raid, if they had been put at the disposition of Carranza immediately after his taking of Mexico City, would have sufficed to establish his government so firmly as to extinguish hopes of its overthrow. The sums we shall spend in the next two years, if our army must remain on the border, will exceed the amount that would be required to stabilize Mexican finance and set Mexican industry on the road to prosperity.

Mr. Hughes's Rebuttal

MR. HUGHES made a comprehensive attack on the eight-hour law at Springfield, Illinois. His argument fell under three heads: (1) that the bill raises wages, but does not reduce hours, (2) that no bill should have been passed without investigation, (3) that the President knew for a year that the crisis was coming, and should have prepared for it. Let us analyze the arguments in order.

It is not true that the act simply increases wages. What it does is to offer the railroads the alternative of receiving eight hours' work for ten hours' pay or of doing ten hours' work in eight hours. If the railroads wish to save the extra pay they can do so by increasing the speed of certain freight trains. The law applies a direct economic incentive to greater productivity, and is for that reason a genuine hours bill. The incentive might have been strengthened had Congress retained time-and-a-half for overtime as the Brotherhoods originally asked; but then Congress would have been accused of increasing wages by thirty-seven and one-half per cent instead of by twenty-five per cent. It is a wages bill only if the roads do not apply the eight-hour principle, and in that case the increase of wages is punitive. The wages principle is an instrument for enforcing the intention of the law.

The Brotherhoods point out that the eight-hour day is already in operation on parts of our railway system. Locomotive engineers have it on 55 per cent of through freight service, and firemen on 20 per cent of railway mileage in the South (see article by W. Jett Lauck in the NEW REPUBLIC, March 18th, 1916). West of the Mississippi

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engineers have an eight-hour day on five per cent of the mileage, and firemen three per cent. The problem is: is it technically feasible to extend the eight-hour day? and the Adamson law puts the railroads under the pressure of increased wages to make the experiment.

That this is the real question at issue is confirmed by a report of a meeting of the Railway Executives' Advisory Committee held in New York on September 20th. These gentlemen did not fly off the handle, but very calmly requested the National Conference Committee of Railways "to complete statistics showing how much it would cost in actual operation, whether trains could be speeded up to make present ten-hour runs in less time, and other details of the application of the eight-hour day" (New York *Times,* September 21st). These responsible railroad men are not acting on Mr. Hughes's assumption that they must complacently pay more wages and let it go at that.

Since the application of the eight-hour day is a complex technical question, what is the best method of seeking a solution? Mr. Hughes wished to "investigate first." Well, for over a year "experts" on both sides have been "investigating." A stupendous guessing contest has been in progress. A board of arbitration could only have done some more guessing. The Adamson law turns the matter around, and puts it on a genuinely scientific basis. It says: Instead of deducing *a priori* the probable results of the eight-hour day, let us have an inductive experiment on the basis of six months' trial. At the end of that time a commission will have data instead of guesses on which to report. It is a true investigation, as any one acquainted with scientific method will readily admit.

It is as if two men were arguing whether it is possible to walk at the rate of four miles an hour. Each of them employs physiologists to prove that it can or cannot be done, and the physiologists prove it both ways. At last the two men are about to come to blows and are in imminent danger of wrecking everything in sight. What does the bystander do under these circumstances? Does he say, let me hear the physiologists, let me guess too; or does he say, let's walk the four miles together and find out? What Mr. Hughes calls investigation before legislation would be guesswork before legislation. What the President has created is experiment as the basis of investigation, as the basis of a reconsideration of the whole question.

The fact that the Adamson bill was forced at the last moment is indeed a disquieting fact. A wise measure was enacted under pressure. But that doesn't alter the fact that it was the wisest measure in the circumstances. It would have looked better had the Adamson bill been enacted two or three months before the crisis. Whether the President could have achieved the law except under pressure we doubt very seriously. Had he gone to the country before a strike had been visualized in the public mind we imagine that the public would have said: Who is he to meddle in this business and borrow trouble? Perhaps he should have done it any way, though such forehandedness has never yet been characteristic of American public life. The point to bear in mind is, however, that had there been no threat, had the whole business proceeded with the utmost deliberation, the method of the Adamson bill would still have been the wise and scientific procedure.

Mr. Hughes is so short of issues that he has been obliged to place a somewhat distorted emphasis on the Adamson bill. But the action of the Railway Executives' Advisory Committee is a sign of light and of good faith. They may rest assured that if they undertake the six months' trial with open-mindedness, they will gain by it. They are far safer to-day than they were before, because the question is now in the hands of the government and will not be decided by a trial of force. Had there been a strike, had they beaten the men, it would have been merely a question of time before another strike occurred. To-day they have the pledge of the public and the government that the results of the experiment will be fairly dealt with, and any attempt on the part of the Brotherhoods to destroy the experiment or damage the findings will be severely handled. If, for example, the eight-hour principle proves to be in part or as a whole unworkable, there is no doubt whatever that public opinion will support the railroads, and if the Brotherhoods rebel against the result honestly ascertained, compulsory arbitration will almost certainly be established by law.

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The Puzzle of Hughes

MANY of us are very busy inventing theories about why we are not cashing in now on the legend of Hughes the fearless, the just, the wise, and the heroic. That is the human interest of this campaign—to find out why a man of rare courage and frankness, of balanced mind, a man of experience in politics, should be wandering around the country trailing nothing but cold and damp platitudes. The puzzle is to explain the evolution of a distinguished man into an undistinguished candidate.

For it is impossible to pretend that Mr. Hughes is a good candidate. In fact, if we had to judge him merely by what he has been saying since he was nominated we should have to grant that he is a Republican of the 'nineties, superstitious about the tariff, philistine about business, frock-coated about labor, and with a regular Union League attitude toward the Democrats, national honor, and prosperity. As a candidate Mr. Hughes has been the perfect representative of a convention that spent a whole morning enjoying speeches by Joe Cannon and Chauncey Depew. From Mr. Hughes's campaign you would hardly know that a great war was opening a period in human history if it weren't for repeated references to the fact that Europe is going to be so efficient that our tender business men must be protected against competition.

He is the nominee of a party that has at present only one principle to its name—a desire to beat Mr. Wilson. On whom is Mr. Hughes counting? On the Republican organization, the Roosevelt Republicans, the homeless progressives, the upper-class pro-Ally vote, the pro-German vote, the anti-Democratic suffrage vote, the anti-Carranza Catholic vote. What have these people in common except a desire to punish the President? Mr. James R. Mann, Republican leader in the House, wished to warn Americans off armed ships in order to avoid war with Germany; Mr. Robert Bacon, defeated candidate for the senatorial nomination in New York, would have liked a war for the sake of France. Mr. Roosevelt thinks Mr. Wilson has been a poltroon before Germany; Mr. Bernard Ridder thinks the President takes his orders from Viscount Grey. One group of Republicans wishes to stop "pork" and "ineptitude," and so it is trying to give the Republicans control of the Senate in order that Penrose may write the tariff bill, Warren of the army posts may control appropriations, and William Alden Smith, landlubber of the "Titanic," be chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler would like to save the country from progressivism, and Governor Johnson would like to save it from President Butler.

Mr. Hughes was not nominated as candidate of a party or leader of a cause, but as a drag-net for all possible anti-Wilson votes. The politicians calculated that if all the people who do not like the President were collected the party could win. Mr. Hughes's task as a candidate has been to keep enough people from liking Mr. Wilson. All the colors in the rainbow of politics are represented in the Hughes following. Mr. Hughes trying to be very efficient as a candidate, one hundred per cent efficient, has mixed the violent contrasts, and the result of course is a dull gray.

But when all this is granted, as I believe it must be by the warmest Hughes admirer, the puzzle still remains. Why has the hero of the insurance investigation, the merciless and accurate enemy of corruption, been willing to stultify himself as a candidate? For an infinitely better Hughes exists, as any one can see who will study his career. Those who know him best claim he would be a much abler President than he is a candidate. If we are to get at the truth of that, the most important truth before the American people to-day, we have to cut through the fog of the campaign and develop a theory as to how his mind is working.

Mr. Hughes seems to me to act like a man who has been stunned so that his brain for the time being has lost its fighting edge. He appears to be frightened and anxious and unable to make dangerous decisions. There is a striking similarity between his vacillation now and that of Mr. Wilson struck in the midst of a family crisis by the blow of the European war. Mr. Wilson seemed to be unnerved for a while, incapable of making up his mind, and liable to all sorts of foozles. He recovered extraordinarily, as Mr. Hughes undoubtedly will. But at the moment Mr. Hughes acts as if he were too worried to think, too confused to face issues, too depressed to lead. Inside of him there appears to be the kind of strained bewilderment and conflict which clog the intellect and enfeeble the will.

To explain that, we have to look I think to personal interests which lie deeper than politics. The fact is that this is the first great crisis of Mr. Hughes's public life when he has staked everything on success. The ambition which flared up in 1908 he has pushed away from himself again

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and again until at last it has broken through. For years Mr. Hughes has been telling himself and others that a Justice of the Supreme Court must give up ambition. "I hope," he said in 1912, "that, as a Justice of the Supreme Court, I am rendering public service and may continue to do so for some years, but the Supreme Court must not be dragged into politics, and no man is as essential to his country's well-being as is the unstained integrity of the Court." No one has ever given better reasons why a judge should not run for office. Yet here he is running for office. You and I may think his former scruples about the Court unworthy of democracy. That is not the point. The point is that Mr. Hughes had the scruples and expressed them with great emphasis. The sharpness with which he expressed them only four years ago shows how he had wrestled with that question and that he thought he had disposed of it. Those scruples are not altogether dead. Mr. Hughes has the kind of conscience that could not allow them to disappear altogether. In his effort to be an efficient candidate he has had to stamp on them violently, but it is the nature of conscience to keep on hurting a man even when he does not realize it.

An important element of his character plays into this hesitancy. Mr. Hughes is not a sociable man in the popular sense, nor a lover of publicity and crowds. In small groups he is humorous and companionable, but his contact with people is spontaneous only when he feels much at home. His feeling reaches the common life at few points, as is so often the case with men who are intensely concentrated in their work. His energy has gone into technical study for which only a small minority have any active understanding. To touch the world at many points and like it is foreign to him. The best work of Hughes has to be done in solitude, at his desk, with a marvelous power of close attention. But campaigning and being popular is a disorderly life, a haphazard, superficial way of living. The instinct of his soul is to be thorough, expert, intense, and stumping the country is just the worst condition for the fluent working of his mind. I have heard him say that the reserve which hedges the Supreme Court, coming after the blatant publicity of the governorship, had meant the world to him. For Justices of the Court are allowed to think, unmolested by distorting headlines, unfair attacks, and inquiries into the habits and motives of their souls.

He has given up that quiet so congenial to his mind for the hubbub of a campaign which may after all bring him defeat. Only a superman could fail to recoil, wonder about the choice he has made and want too much to win. The dignity and peace of his life are at stake in this election. He is making one of the great gambles of American politics. On the bench he shared with Mr. Justice Holmes the distinction of being the leader of his profession. Defeated as the Republican candidate this year, the sacrifice would be appalling and complete. I know there is a convention that men like Mr. Hughes are not subject to human motives. Yet we may be sure he is human enough to have felt deeply the shock and risk of his decision to leave the bench.

Now, a man who has just gone through such a personal crisis is more likely to hesitate, to play safe, to trust the good old formulas, to cling to the party, than to strike out for himself with the assurance that even if he loses he wins. In New York Mr. Hughes could strike out because he was bigger than his office. He could let go the full energy of his mind, knowing that he represented a cause which could not be beaten. To-day he represents a conglomeration of antis standing for no cause for which he can work without reservation.

He inherited the case against Mr. Wilson; he did not make it. It was Colonel Roosevelt, and he alone, who laid out the lines of the attack on the President. It was in the Roosevelt bones to be against Woodrow Wilson. The Colonel is a red-blood, does not distrust soldiering and empire, belongs by tradition and temperament to the aristocratic group which always comes to the top in time of war. But Mr. Hughes has nothing in common with this; there is nothing of the "heroic" mood about him. He is severe, prosaic, pedestrian, respectable middle-class, and it isn't mere impertinence that has caused the American people to display such unmitigated interest in his personal appearance. The mood which Roosevelt embodied, the campaign which Roosevelt sketched, Mr. Hughes had to take over, and it fits him as little as the uniform of a Rough Rider. If Mr. Hughes dared to let his intellect work, he could not help being much more moderate in his assaults on the President. A just judge could not escape realizing that there is a very great deal to be said for Mr. Wilson. But the queer fact that Mr. Hughes inherited anti-Wilsonism, had it thrust upon him, and had to live up to it, puts him in the position of a lawyer called in at the last moment to argue another man's brief. Had Mr. Hughes led the attack he might have developed a powerful indictment, but it would have differed in substance and tone from what is really a hand-me-down from Roosevelt.

Mr. Hughes to-day is a man who has repressed a profound scruple, has risked a career for which he was peculiarly fitted, has entered a kind of

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life which he does not enjoy, has made himself the exponent of a party without principle and of a mood which is not his own. Why then did he accept the nomination? It is no answer to say that a man must not refuse to run for the Presidency. Several men have refused. Mr. Hughes has the sort of conscience which would violate a tradition only when some other great moral issue seemed to demand it. What was the issue that called Mr. Hughes from the bench? It was not Mexico and not the tariff. It was something which has never been mentioned in the campaign, and yet seemed to Mr. Hughes a compelling reason for acceptance. The very afternoon when he resigned and sent his telegram to the Republican Convention he explained his action by saying that our system of government could not be worked without two strong parties, and that he was the only man who could unite the Progressives and the Republicans. He felt profoundly that the nation needs to be governed by the Republican party welded together and strengthened. To him the Progressive rump was a calamity, not because he hasn't some sympathy with progressivism, but because he believes in the dogma of two parties and because three parties mean Democratic rule. The call came to him as a way to save the country by redeeming the Republican party.

At first it seems a little strange that Mr. Hughes of all men should care so much about parties, because the truth is that he never can live happily with his party. Believing in the two-party system as an ideal, he is the sort of man who always tends to wreck the party he is in. When it comes to the concrete task of keeping an organization together, Mr. Hughes is too uncompromising and too honest to pay the price. In the political sense he has almost no gratitude, and parties are cemented by gratitude in the shape of pork, patronage, and deals. Mr. Hughes believes theoretically in a great unified organization; elect him, and if he keeps to the instincts of his soul he will fight pork and patronage and deals till the party is torn to pieces. The very quality which has made Mr. Hughes a marked man in American politics is at war with Mr. Hughes's theory about what politics ought to be. He is not a party man, but he believes passionately if abstractly in two parties. The paradox is that he cannot practise the administrative efficiency he preaches without disrupting the organization he left the bench to unite.

This conflict in Hughes between philosophy and practice runs deep. His general theories are the good old American theories, for he seems to have had a most conventional education which filled him full of unanalyzed dogmas about government, business, labor. Side by side with them there have grown up convictions about things he has learned from intense though limited experience. Where he has studied the facts he is almost always realistic and modern. He knows what corruption is because he dissected it. He knows about administrative inefficiency because he fought it. He knows about the distinction between federal and state action, about the police power under the Constitution, because as a judge he had to deal with these matters. But about the struggle between capital and labor, about international politics, he is commonplace and uninteresting, saying merely the thoughtless things which every gentleman of his age and class says if he doesn't stop himself. His is a mind which is original and powerful only after great effort. He has nothing of Mr. Roosevelt's genius for brilliant intuition or Mr. Wilson's extraordinary power to learn quickly. On the subjects Mr. Hughes knows about there are few men to equal him for grasp and thoroughness, though one never feels even in his best work that creative quality which shines through the investigation of a man like Mr. Justice Brandeis.

An example is Mr. Hughes's fight for the direct primary. Most progressives of the time believed it was the cure for boss rule. Mr. Hughes, at war with the bosses, picked up the direct primary as a club. In the heat of the fight he had no time to think through the meaning of the remedy he was proposing, or to foresee that the direct primary complicated matters instead of simplifying them. He had not that quick penetration and sure political instinct which could look beyond what happened to be the accepted theory of the people he trusted. Mr. Hughes, unlike Mr. Wilson, really has a single-track mind. Whenever he has to act without long and careful preparation, he acts according to rule. "Proper" and "correct" are words that occur most often in his speeches.

This need for intense effort is responsible also for what often looks like his capacity for making much out of little. He has a mind like a microscope, and when he has looked hard and long at a thing it takes on an importance for him which often seems out of perspective. His fight against racing, for example, was far less a crusade against vice than it was an attempt to enforce the spirit of the law because it was law. Mr. Hughes came close to law-breaking when he was governor and fixed on the race tracks as an issue. He might have selected something totally different, though an evangelical bias no doubt played a part. There were greater evils in New York for a courageous man to fight; the race tracks happened to hit the center of his deep and narrow vision.

This is the defect of a virtue which is his finest quality. It might be called the instinct of work-

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manship. He has the passion of a good watchmaker, of a master craftsman for doing particular things particularly well. He has little aesthetic interest, none of the brooding of Lincoln, or the epic size of Roosevelt or the liveliness and width of Wilson. But he has in rare measure the passion of the good workman in persisting at a dry result. His judicial opinions do not shine with the gallant genius of Holmes, but there is something assuringly trim and shipshape about them. In a larger view of democracy the appearance of this quality in public life is a renewal of hope that popular government is not necessarily crude and that the expert mind can win its way to the top.

If Mr. Roosevelt's mood was heroic, that of Mr. Hughes is workmanlike. The reason he dislikes the Democrats is because the sense of the craftsman rebels against the amateur. Mr. Hughes is far less concerned about national honor and prestige than he is with a feeling that the task of government has been in the hands of undisciplined men. He is annoyed at what he calls vacillation and ineptitude the way a good housewife is aroused by a clever but sloppy cook. The vision which drives him is of a nation inspired by his own instinct of workmanship. How it is to be so inspired, Mr. Hughes has not yet had time to find out, for workmanship, unlike heroism, cannot be achieved by temporary exaltation. Uncertain as to how to accomplish his end, he is filled with a personal conviction that the love of work well done shall seep through the government and take hold of the nation.

This central virtue has certain offshoots which cannot be ignored. It is only too easy to identify the man well trained to govern with the man who has happened to govern. Republicans often make this confusion. Having been in power a long time, representing those classes of the community which control large affairs, they very easily imagine that Republicans are a little better born, that Democrats are congenitally defective, that the mass of the people has few resources to draw from, and that the first crudeness of a party long out of power is a sign of intrinsic inefficiency. I don't suppose Mr. Hughes really believes this, but he often talks as if he did, and it is not altogether certain that he doesn't think a little too highly of people who happen to be Republicans. Certainly he has not been candid about his own party, for it is plain as day that Penrose, Gallinger, Smoot, Warren, Smith, and Fordney are no lovers of efficiency.

Nor is it clear that Mr. Hughes distinguishes between the technical efficiency of a Republican lawyer and the social efficiency of the statesman whose sympathy is as wide as the nation and deep as the labor upon which it rests. If Mr. Wilson has done nothing else, he has gone far toward restoring confidence in the possibilities of our government. The radical and the humble have felt a response from Washington they have never known before. The generous, idealistic, peace-loving people of America have felt they were represented in Mr. Wilson. Let Mr. Hughes come in with anything that resembles a plutocratic reaction, and the cause of efficiency will receive a staggering blow no matter how good Mr. Hughes's appointments may be. For efficiency will never be a popular cause in America until it is tied securely to radical liberalism. If Mr. Hughes as President should blunder about labor and the progressives as he did in California, he will merely give efficiency a bad name. Let him take warning from the failure of an efficient constitution in New York, smothered under a popular vote which distrusted the men who framed it.

In a time when there were one or two complicated problems before the people which required expert treatment there would be no doubt that Mr. Hughes measured up to the office. But we are not in such a time, and that is why there is doubt of his fitness. We are in a time of unimaginable complications, of unexpected crises. It is a period of extreme uneasiness beneath the surface when the government must have the willing confidence of the people in order to move successfully. The President of the United States in the next four years will have to be a very nimble-minded and versatile man, a man capable of quick intuitions, and with the power to guess rightly almost on the spur of the moment. There will be few questions he can study thoroughly. He will have to be able to pick ideas in a hurry, keep close to the deeper currents of popular feeling, and have no fear of adventure.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Herbert Clark Hoover

"WHO is Hoover?" I asked of every American I met in Brussels.

"Chairman of the Commission for Relief in Belgium—going to be one of the biggest figures of the war."

"But who is he now?"

"Mining engineer—Californian—lives in London—directs a lot of mines all over the world—employs 125,000 men—annual output of his mines is worth as much as the total annual output of metals in California. He's a consulting engineer and financier and administrator—interested in everything: oil fields, half a dozen engineering,

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construction, and development companies. Everybody in London knows Hoover. If anyone on earth can feed Belgium, he can."

Later I knew more of him: that he comes of Quaker stock; was born at West Branch, Iowa, in 1874; graduated from Leland Stanford University, California, taking his degree of B. A. in mining engineering in 1895; spent a year with the United States Geological Survey in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, was assistant manager of the Carlisle mines in New Mexico and the Morning Star mines in California, and at the age of twenty-four went to West Australia as chief of the mining staff of Bewick, Moreing and Company. He married Miss Lou Henry, of Monterey, California, in 1899, and with his bride went to China as chief engineer of the Chinese Imperial Bureau of Mines. Next year he took part in the defense of Tientsin during the Boxer disturbances. After that he was engaged in the construction of Ching Wang Tow harbor, and was general manager of the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company; and a year later, in 1902, became a partner in the firm of Bewick, Moreing and Company, mine operators, of London. He has been consulting engineer for more than fifty mining companies.

It reads like the record of a crowded life, but it is only a prelude to his real work. By the first of January, 1915, all the world knew of Hoover, knew that to him more than to any one else is due the creation and maintenance of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the day to day toil on behalf of seven million four hundred thousand non-combatants in Belgium and two million one hundred forty thousand in northern France, caught in the nets of war, the enlisting of the sympathy of the world in their behalf, the organization and successful operation within two or three weeks by a body of volunteers of relief measures involving an annual turnover of almost $100,000,000. That, as all the world knows to-day, is the achievement of Herbert C. Hoover, American.

In appearance he is astonishingly youthful, smooth-shaven, dark-haired, with cool, watchful eyes, clear brow, straight nose, and firm, even mouth. His chin is round and hard.

One might not mark him in a crowd. There is nothing theatrical or picturesque in his looks or bearing, for from his Quaker forbears he has inherited a dislike for sham and show of any sort. At work he seems passive and receptive. He stands still or sits still when he talks, perhaps jingling coins in his pocket or playing with a pencil. His repertory of gestures is small. He can be so silent that it hurts.

Being an American, he sometimes acts first and explains afterwards. But his explanations, like his actions, are direct and self-sufficient.

In the *Outlook* for September 8, 1915, Lewis R. Freeman describes Hoover's contempt for precedent, his fondness for the *fait accompli;* for action first and explanation later. He tells how, before the Commission was fairly on its feet, there came a day when it was a case of snarling things in red tape and letting Belgium starve, or getting food shipped and letting governments howl. Hoover naturally chose the latter.

"When the last bag had been stowed and the hatches were battened down," writes Mr. Freeman, "Hoover went in person to the one Cabinet Minister able to arrange for the only things he could not provide himself—clearance papers. 'If I do not get four cargoes of food to Belgium by the end of the week,' he said bluntly, 'thousands are going to die from starvation, and many more may be shot in food riots.'

"'Out of the question,' said the distinguished Minister. 'There is no time, in the first place, and if there was there are no goods wagons to be spared by the railways, no dock hands, and no steamers; moreover, the Channel is closed for a week to merchant vessels while troops are being transported to the Continent.'

"'I have managed to get all of these things,' Hoover replied quietly; 'and am now through with them all except the steamers. This wire tells me that these are now loaded and ready to sail, and I have come to have you arrange for their clearance.'

"The great man gasped. 'There have been—there are even now—men in the Tower for less than you have done,' he ejaculated. 'If it was for anything but Belgian Relief—if it was anybody but you, young man—I should hate to think of what might happen. As it is—er—I suppose there is nothing to do but congratulate you on a jolly clever coup. I'll see about the clearance at once.'"

Mr. Freeman quotes a member of the Commission as saying, "You have heard, doubtless, that Lloyd George has the reputation of being the most persuasive man in England. Well, a few months ago, when we were trying to simplify our work by arranging for an extension of exchange facilities on Brussels, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer sent for Hoover. I will tell the story as Lloyd George himself told it to some friends at the Liberal Club a few days later.

"'"Mr. Hoover," I said, "I find I am quite unable to grant your request in the matter of Belgian exchange, and I have asked you to come here that I might explain why." Without waiting for me to go on, my boyish-looking caller began speaking. . . . For fifteen minutes he spoke with-

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out a break—just about the clearest expository utterance I have ever heard on any subject. He used not a word too much, nor yet a word too few. By the time he had finished I had come to realize, not only the importance of his contentions, but, what was more to the point, the practicability of granting his request. So I did the only thing possible under the circumstances—told him I had never understood the question before, thanked him for helping me to understand it, and saw to it that things were arranged as he wanted them.' "

On April tenth, 1915, a submarine torpedoed one of the food ships chartered by the Commission; a week later a German hydro-aeroplane tried to drop bombs on the deck of another Commission ship, so Hoover paid a flying visit to Berlin. He was at once assured that no more incidents of the sort would occur.

"Thanks," said Hoover. "Your Excellency, have you heard the story of the man who was nipped by a bad-tempered dog? He went to the owner to have the dog muzzled.

"'But the dog won't bite you,' insisted the owner.

"'You know he won't bite me, and I know he won't bite me,' said the injured party doubtfully, 'but the question is, does the dog know?'" . . .

"Herr Hoover," said the high official, "pardon me if I leave you for a moment. I am going at once to 'let the dog know.'"

Hoover has a habit of going straight to the highest authority with anything he has on hand. He never wastes time on the titled office boys who administer so much of the machinery of this world of ours. When he meets a new problem, he takes it to an expert. When he wants an obstacle removed from his path, he goes to the man who can remove it, or he removes it himself. He gives no small coin of flattery or favors to figurehead officials.

Of course he makes enemies. The wonder is that they are so few. He uses men, throws them aside and forgets them, as every world architect must, for he has, along with his amazing diplomatic skill, as frank a way in dealing with men as with conditions. I have known a word or a phrase of his to reveal a man to himself as naked and as startled as a patient under psychoanalysis. Hoover is a diplomat in the high, not in the trivial sense of the word; a constructive artist in human destiny; a leader who is too busy to waste time flattering the petty pride of those he leads.

He appeals to the imagination and to the dreams of men. But he too is a slave to dreams. To-day the Commission for Relief in Belgium—the "C. R. B." as the Belgians have nicknamed it—is his great dream. He wants the names of all who serve in it to be swallowed up in the organization, to be forgotten in service to Belgium. He would like his own name to be forgotten in the same way; but that is not to be. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, but I know that the public service of Herbert C. Hoover has just begun. He belongs not only to Belgium, but to America, and as soon as the war is over and Belgium is free, his own country will have need of him.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT.

From "War Bread," to be published by Henry Holt and Co.

"The Greatest Novel"

THERE is a conspiracy among people who have read great books to make the account of them dismally impressive. People urge you to read a masterpiece in the same way that they urge you to join the City Club or subscribe to the *Survey*. They want to do you good. For years people have told me to read "War and Peace." "By Tolstoy." "It's stupendous," they've said, "it takes you a month to read it—three large volumes. It has more characters in it than you can possibly remember. It's immense. It is a panorama of the Napoleonic wars, of the invasion of Russia and the retreat from Moscow. It explodes Napoleon. It's the greatest novel ever written."

This to me is the bare and glistening hook. I want bait. There may be voracious natures that crave three-volume panoramic novels. I envy such, but do not seek to emulate them. And I avoid their suggestions.

But this tone is exactly the official tone adopted by Vicomte de Vogüé about "War and Peace." It "presents us," he says solemnly, "with a complete tableau of Russian society during the great Napoleonic wars from 1805 to 1815. The stage is immense and the actors are innumerable; among them are three emperors with their ministers, their marshals, and their generals, and a countless retinue of minor officers, soldiers, nobles and peasants. We are transported by turns from the salons of St. Petersburg to the camps of war, from Moscow to the country districts. And all these diverse and varied scenes are joined together with a controlling purpose that brings everything into harmony. Each one of the prolonged series of constantly changing tableaux is of remarkable beauty and palpitating with life. The interminable series of incidents, of portraits, of reflections which the author presents to us, unrolls itself around a few fictitious personages; but the true hero of the story is Russia in her desperate struggle against the foreigner, and the real personages, Alexander,

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Napoleon, Koutouzof, Speransky, occupy almost as prominent a position as the imaginary ones."

The pivot is indeed Russia. That is a grave and genuine observation. But now that I have read "War and Peace" my heart rebels against the whole tone in which this novel is discussed. Emperors, marshals, ministers, generals! It is not for these that Tolstoy wrote this great, humane, wise, tender book. Somewhere near the middle of it these words about his War occur: "It happened because it was bound to happen; and so it came to pass that some millions of men, ignoring all common sense and human feeling, started to march eastward to slaughter their fellow-creatures, just as, some centuries before, unnumbered swarms had rushed down on the west, killing all in their way." It is of this vast untoward flood of war that Tolstoy was thinking, this torrent in which the men and women of his story are caught, some to ride, some to spin, some to struggle, some to drown. And although he stands for Russia, his country, in the invasion, no military genius is the hero of his story. There are no heroes, only human beings, giving their impress to events or taking their impress from them; and "the heart of kings is in the hand of God."

The tumult of Austerlitz, Friedland, Borodino, is to be found in "War and Peace." Tolstoy has dramatized each battle by focussing it at one point after another, and in one person after another—persons we already know. We stand on the bridge as it is being shelled. We see the army stream by. We charge with young Rostow's squadron across "the gulf of terror." We run with him on foot from the vicious hook-nosed Frenchman, run in fear. With Bolkonsky we rage at the moment of retreat, sieze the standard and advance, fall, open eyes on "the deep, far away sky above." With Nicholas we attack without orders, wince at killing and are decorated. With Tonchine we are so insane as not to fall back, we save the day with our battery, and are reprimanded for losing two guns. With Peter we are civilians wandering aimlessly on the battlefield, ending up behind the breastwork where the fighting is thickest. With Bolkonsky again we stand under fire on that fatal day when the French got the range of the reserve.

"'Good God! what has happened? In the stomach? Then he is done for!' said the officers.

"'It actually grazed my ear!' said the aide-de-camp."

And with Petia, too, the youngster, we spend that last wonderful night on which he listens to his orchestra playing an unknown beautiful hymn.

But it is not this multiplicity of impressions, this incredible resource and diversity, which stands out as the boon of "War and Peace." Other titanic novelists have assembled details with energy and piled up effects only a little less tremendous. Zola could do it, Balzac, Dostoevsky. It is something else which distinguishes "War and Peace" and gives it its indisputable glory. As one's mind roams back over the thronging events, one is for the moment bewildered. There is no order in them and no end to them. But whether one begins to reflect on Natacha or Bolkonsky or Maria or Peter; whether it is the death of Peter's sire or the dreadful affair between Natacha and Anatole, or Maria's relations with her tyrannical father, or the sad unearthly estrangements of Bolkonsky before he died; whether it is the grand barbaric hunt or the magnificent sleigh-ride or Natacha's ball or Peter's initiation into freemasonry or his duel or his imprisonment and imminent execution—whatever one of these ramified scenes comes to mind, it is instinct with the great spirit of Tolstoy. Like a full and equable light he reveals every inflection and contour. Keen to expose as well as to display, he has for peace as well as war the same heightened faculties, the same depths of sympathy, the same psychological zeal. When he philosophizes fatalistically about war one may decline to follow him. When he passes judgment on Napoleon one may hesitate to accept him. But when he sets afoot any encounter between man and man, or man and woman, or man and nature, he is a master in dramatic intensity, in beauty, in understanding, in that cleanness and firmness and economy of line which comes only with a genius for sincerity.

Natacha is the most vibrant creature in "War and Peace." It is the triumph of Tolstoy's art that she is carried from saucy childhood to maternal amplitude and successfully identified in every process of that change. No torrent that ever ran from high hills to a smooth union with the sea was more perfectly defined in its movements. The same is true of Maria, perhaps, a stream that rises on a plateau, but the person of Natacha is so charming that she arrests one for her own sake. Take her at sixteen, cajoling her mother:

"'Come, mamma, do not laugh so; the bed shakes! You are just like me; you laugh as easily as I do. Wait a minute,' and taking her mother's hand again she went on with her fortune-telling: 'June, July and August—mamma, he is desperately in love; do you not think so?—was any one ever so much in love with you? And he is nice—very nice! Only not quite to my taste; straight and narrow like the tall clock in the dining room. Do you not understand? quite narrow and pale grey. . .'

"'What nonsense!'

"'Why don't you understand? Nicholas would

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understand exactly. Now Besoukhow is blue, dark blue and red; and he makes me think of a square thing. . .'

"'I believe you are flirting with him too . . .' and again the countess could not help laughing."

And then see her with Prince Andrew Bolkonsky. He had kept their marriage waiting, in deference to his father. On the eve of his return she had fallen in love with an adventurer. Bolkonsky never saw her again until he was dying.

"'Forgive me,' she murmured, looking up. 'Forgive me.'

"'I love you,' he said.

"'Forgive me.'

"'What have I to forgive?'

"'Forgive me for what I did,' said Natacha, in a low voice, and with a painful effort.

"'I love you better than I did before,' replied Prince Andrew, lifting her head to look in her eyes, which were timidly fixed on his, swimming with tears of joy, but luminous with love and pity. Her pale, thin features, and lips swollen with crying, had, at this moment, no trace of beauty; but Prince Andrew saw nothing but her beautiful eyes radiant through tears."

In one sense it is the story which makes a novel worth reading, meaning by the story the calculated progress of events. There is that famous formula, the good story well told. But it is forlorn to seek in the story all by itself, no matter how thrilling, the explanation of the peculiar joy which is bestowed by a work of art. What a man has to tell is significant. How well he tells it, is also significant. More significant than either is the spirit with which he is endowed. By what sensitive and mysterious process this spirit of the creator steals into a narrative, gives it his livingness, no one has yet defined. But it is this subtle presence, this communication through narrative of a being that has conceived the world afresh, which makes the novel an artistic form. Persons who tell you that "War and Peace" has for its subject-matter the fate of Russia in the wars a hundred years ago are sticking to an important fact. But there is more in it than their honest reports can tell you. There is a great testimony to life generously and deeply experienced; to mankind's emotions in peace or strife; to the vast variety of human nature that this one man has embraced and transmuted. There is in this miraculous imaginative organism, as in any other organism, life and the impulse of life. There is something that belongs only to life itself. There is a beauty and a reality indefinable.

FRANCIS HACKETT.

England and Free Trade

IN a recent issue of THE NEW REPUBLIC it was stated, as one of the evidences of the impetus of the protection movement in England, that even the *Daily News* had surrendered the free-trade position. I do not know upon what authority this statement was made; but it is without an atom of foundation, as any careful study of the columns of the *Daily News* during the past few months will show. And while it would seem, on a superficial survey of the facts, that public opinion has swung round violently from free trade, we must take care not to mistake the movement of a whirlpool for a change of current. English politics and thought are under the dominion of the war, and antagonism to Germany has, in the popular mind, submerged every consideration of industry, economics and international relationship. The advocates of tariff reform have naturally taken advantage of the wind with which the war has filled their sails. The intense feeling provoked by Germany's methods has created a powerful body of opinion, not so much in favor of a tariff against Germany after the war as against any sort of trade intercourse with her. The protectionists have hitched their chariot to the popular passion, and for the time being the cause of free trade would seem to be imperilled. But England will not settle this great question in a frenzy of passion. It will be settled in cold blood and in the light, not of the red glare of war, but of the permanent facts and necessities of our existence. The temper that prevails to-day will not be the temper that will prevail when Germany is beaten, when punishment has been exacted and when the nation, sickened with war, turns to the task of preventing a recurrence of the tragedy that has overwhelmed Europe.

What are the considerations that will govern opinion on the subject then? The first, I think, will be the desire for peace. "War after the war" is an effective phrase for sensational journalists now, but it will not be so popular when the war is over and the question for the world is whether it is going to set about preparing for a new war on a still greater scale or for a permanent condition of peace. Hostility to Germany will remain, but it will be qualified by many things: the fact of her defeat, the discredit of her military caste, the crushing demands of war taxation, the fact that economic and trade interests do not fol-

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low the lines of political arrangements, the uncertainty of international relationships, the certainty that a deliberate policy of strangulation would end in new combinations and a new struggle, soon or late, but inevitably. Nor will it be forgotten that if Germany is to pay for the material damage she has done she must be allowed to trade in order to earn the means with which to pay. We cannot at once make her a pauper and insist on her paying her debts.

The next consideration that will prevail is one which will emerge into greater and greater prominence as the factors of victory are examined. England has been the corner-stone of the Alliance throughout the struggle. Leaving out of consideration the influence of her armies upon the course of the conflict, there can be no doubt that but for her sea power the war would have ended in the victory of Germany within six months. And if her sea power saved the situation in the beginning her money power has been equally vital in converting that initial check into ultimate success. It is her long purse that is winning the war as it won the war a century ago. When the clouds of passion are cleared away, the fact that Germany has been beaten by free-trade finance will be as clear as the sun at noonday. No ingenuities of argument and no juggling with figures will dispose of that fact—that in the war of resources the victory was with the one free-trade country in Europe. The hour of trial found protection a broken reed. The revenue from it ceased when the need was most urgent. Germany's hunger for food and material was greater even than her eagerness for revenue and she had to cancel her restrictive tariff at the dictates of her necessities. As an instrument of war, free trade has won an overwhelming and indisputable victory over the rival system.

Nor will it be forgotten that, as a measure of defense against that system of commercial penetration which Germany has employed in the past, protection has been tried and found wanting. That penetration was in some measure legitimate, in part malignant. It was legitimate in so far as it was due to superior trade methods, to the careful study of the requirements of the markets, to better educational equipment and so on. It was malignant in so far as it was promoted by the state with a definite political purpose—the purpose, for example, of suppressing certain processes in France by underselling industries which were vital to the existence of the nation in war. No one disputes that measures must be taken against a return to such a sinister policy. The key industries must be secured against attack, if not by private enterprise, then by the action of the nation. In so far as that penetration was legitimate, the answer is to beat Germany with her own weapon of superior methods, education and industry. It is no answer to say with Mr. Hughes, the Australian Premier, "Shut that door." France, Russia and Italy had already "shut that door." There was nothing in the way of high protection that Germany had to teach them. Yet it was precisely in those countries that German penetration before the war won its chief victories, both in the commercial and the financial fields. "To what extent has the German financier controlled your finance?" I asked a French deputy in Paris. "Two-thirds," he answered promptly, adding, "In Italy it is three-thirds—all." German methods achieved nothing like this success in England, and even if we do not attribute that fact wholly to the operation of free trade, it remains true that protection has been found to be a useless weapon against those methods.

But it is the practical difficulties of setting up a tariff system which will be the most decisive factor when the problem ceases to be one for mere declamation and is brought on to the floor of the House in a concrete measure. If there existed among the Allies the conditions for setting up a Zollverein with mutual free trade as a basis, the matter would be simplified. But those conditions do not exist. The French cotton spinner believes that he cannot live without protection; but it is not protection against Germany that he wants, it is protection against Lancashire. And so with the French ironmaster. The truth is that use of tariffs as a joint weapon of the Allies against Germany is mere thoughtless folly. They would instead be a weapon against ourselves, would sow infinite mischief among the Allies and drive the neutrals into the arms of Germany. Is France to receive as its reward from this country a tariff in place of a free market? Is that to be the sort of instrument to make the Alliance eternal? Is a tariff wall of four degrees, set up against our friends as well as our enemies—protection for the home producer; a small tariff against the colonial producer; a stiffer tariff against the Allies; a still steeper one against the neutrals and an insurmountable one against the enemy countries—is that to be our path to the enduring good will of those who have shared our burden in the war? Take Russia. What is it that she exports? Wheat. Where does it go? Chiefly to England and Germany. Who are her competitors? Not Germany: she is not a wheat exporter, but a wheat importer. Russia's competitors are India, Argentina, Australia—above all, Canada. And not in the English market alone. Canada has been the chief rival of Russia in the German market. Here is a striking

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table of imports of grain into Germany since 1910 (in tons):

	From Russia	From Canada
1910	.....	17,000
1911	1,119,353	88,000
1912	558,400	269,000
1913	519,500	318,000

If we give Russia's chief competitor a preference over her in this country, we shall certainly not cement the Alliance on the basis of an economic war against Germany. On the contrary, we shall canalize Russia's trade more and more to Germany. That is seen clearly enough in Russia. In his report to the Pan-Russian agricultural congress, M. Boradaievsky says that the Allies must facilitate the importation of the produce of the Russian soil or "Russia will be obliged to conclude with Germany, after the war, a treaty of commerce comprising the most-favored nation clause." And M. Migouline points out that it is the tariffs of the Allies that bar the way to an understanding. "The French duty on timber," he says, "is almost prohibitive. We often attack Germany because of its agrarian protectionism, but the customs duties of France and Italy are still higher." And now we are asked to erect a tariff wall in England to add impulse to Russian trade with Germany! Not less searching is the criticism of M. Doublikoff, a financial specialist and member of the Duma. "Why," he asks, "did Russia buy so much merchandise in Germany? Because she was able to get it at a lower price or on more advantageous terms than in England or in France. It is clear then that the cessation of commercial relations with Germany is equivalent for the Russian consumer to an increase of the cost of living and an aggravation of the position of Russian credit. Is impoverished Russia able to have such a burden? There cannot be two answers."

I have not touched upon the home consumer, already staggering under the double load of war taxation and high prices, and now offered the prospect of permanent artificial scarcity. Nor have I said anything about the position of the home producer whose trade with Germany has been his main interest in the past. He knows that if you "shut that door" on the other, you also close it on yourself, that trade is not philanthropy but mutual advantage and that if Germany has sold to us, she has also bought from us, has, indeed, next to India been our best customer in the world. So it is the fallacy in regard to our Allies and the world that puts the case finally out of court. It endures in the vague atmosphere of discussion, but it will perish when it is brought to the test of realities.

A. G. GARDINER.

London.

The British Victory on the Somme

WHAT the success of the last British blow on the Somme chiefly proves is that the armies of General Haig have finally achieved —or are at the point of achieving—tactical superiority over the Germans. We no longer read complaints about lack of artillery support; on the contrary the skill of the British gunners is attested by German commanding officers. Infantry no longer runs gallantly wild; company officers have learned their duties; connection between battalion units is being maintained; staff work of a scientific character has at length coördinated the efforts of the auxiliary arms, while each particular arm, artillery, engineers, air service, transport and supply, has gradually been brought to a point of real efficiency. Kitchener's army has ceased to be a mass of raw material, and has at last become an army.

The present system of defense on the west front—used with minor variations by every combatant—consists of series of trench lines connected at suitable intervals by points of support. These points of support vary in character; hills, railway embankments, quarries, woods, and villages are among those most often utilized. Since these points of support are articulated not only laterally but also toward the rear with one another, since they are constructed with a view to enfilade each other, they constitute a tangled maze of sap communication above ground; and below ground they are tunnelled into one another like a rabbit warren. Thus machine guns—the weapon of defense par excellence—are concealed not only within the lines proper, but also between the lines, at the apertures of tunnels, like woodchuck holes. It has seemed at times that such a system of subterranean chambers could be destroyed only by an earthquake.

Yet these points of support are interrelated just as the redoubts of a fortress are interrelated; the fall of one usually means the fall of several; and often the choice is left to the defenders only between surrender or evacuation without a fight. Complicated as these new earthworks are, they carry in them the danger of all defensive policy in war, the danger of letting the enemy gradually, and at his ease, achieve superiority of men, arms, and method. That is what is happening to the Germans now. Once driven from their permanent fortifications—for these trench-systems are permanent fortifications exactly in the sense in which forts like Liège and Antwerp were considered permanent—the German soldiers find no refuge in field fortifications, however well constructed, against the enormous weight of men and metal de-

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veloped for the reduction of the permanent works. Thus gradually, almost insensibly, trench-warfare on the western front is giving way to open warfare. After the Battle of Champagne the German General Staff in an official statement boasted that the Germans would now choose the time when siege warfare would give way to open warfare. That boast is proving vain to-day.

It is not likely that the transition will take place suddenly. Probably the Germans, finding artificial defenses powerless—as always, in the end, in war—against new offensive methods, will have the hardihood to accept the challenge to a strategical decision in the open, where correct movements of troops, inspired by some master mind, will carry the day as they did in the Napoleonic Wars. That after all, is the military policy most dear to Hindenburg, known, even before the war, as old "always attack"; possibly the knowledge in Berlin that it must come to that in the end, even on the western front, prompted his promotion to Falkenhayn's place. At any rate, whether or not Hindenburg wants it, the era of open fighting is being brought nearer, day by day, by the combined efforts of Haig and Foch. When that time comes, the last stage of the war will have been reached.

It is possible that when that stage of the war is reached (as it now appears, soon) the genius of Hindenburg or of another may save the Germans; but after all genius did not save Napoleon himself. The chances are that the British, now reaching the top of their form, will be as effective in the open as they have shown themselves in attacks on series of fortified lines; and that the French will acquit themselves even more successfully than they did during the Battle of the Marne. Moreover, as Hindenburg knows well, he will have to face superiority in numbers, superiority in metal, and at least equality in morale and tactical value. In such a case the prospects of success, even for a military genius, if indeed Hindenburg is a genius, are far from bright.

Already the French have reported officially—after the capture of the village of Bouchavesnes—that this "marked the beginning of the encircling movement." Whether or not the word "encircling" referred to the city of Péronne or to a larger field—the whole Noyon salient, for instance—is not clear, but it is perfectly plain that the fall of Péronne would threaten seriously the important railway center of St. Quentin, and that the fall of St. Quentin would compromise the whole front of the Crown Prince of Bavaria. But presumably, before that point is reached, the action is likely to have become general all along the line. For Hindenburg is highly unlikely to leave the Allies to perfect their plans without a pretty serious diversion somewhere else, and in that case all signs point to a resumption of open fighting.

But the main thing to be grasped is this: that attention should be chiefly given to the increasing tactical superiority of the Allies, rather than to remote strategical objects. The Allies have more men than the Germans have, and if those men also fight better, as they seem to be doing now, strategical considerations are of minor importance.

As Lord Kitchener very truly said, "Generals win battles, but soldiers win wars." Where one side has more soldiers and better soldiers, all the strategy the commanding officer needs is Grant's strategy, which consisted of continual hard pounding, administered by the Union Army. Very similar methods, and apparently with equal success, as were employed against Lee fifty years ago, are being employed against Field Marshal von Hindenburg to-day.

GERALD MORGAN.

VERSE

Romance

Romance with firm and eager tread
  Walked at his shoulder;
He never turned his rapt, poetic head
  Once to behold her.

He sought her in the skies, in dreams;
  In mystic meadows;
He plunged through myths and lost her face in gleams—
  Clasping her shadows.

"It is this age," he cried; "these things
  Blind and bewilder!
Weep for Romance, with frail and trembling wings;
  This world has killed her."

And still he seeks her, warm or dead—
  The quest enthralling!
And still Romance, with strong and tireless tread,
  Follows him, calling. . . .
    Calling. . . .

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Little Farm

Tired, I went away from town
  And wondered in the woods. . . .
"Why not lay it wholly down—
  That weight of doubtful goods?"

Then, rested, I was discontent,
  Craved the compelling hours—
And took again on shoulders bent
  The walls and roofs and towers.

But here is a man who measures his toil
  In Grenstone, then his rest:
A little farm in his native soil
  And bright dawn in his breast.

WITTER BYNNER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Why Catholicism Opposes the World

SIR: In your editorial, "Catholicism Contra Mundum," which appeared in the issue of Sept. 2nd, you have almost unerringly put your finger on the vital points, but unfortunately, in your discussion of those points, you have shown a complete inability to understand (I do not ask you to agree with) the Catholic attitude concerning them. Without this understanding, Catholicism must indeed seem a colossal effrontery. I shall therefore attempt to make clear exactly what the Catholic believes, rather than why he believes it.

The Catholic war-cry might well be the motto of St. Ignatius Loyola—*Aeterna non Caduca.* I ask you, is this not truly a war-cry, a challenge to the death, flung in the face of modernism, whose own war-cry might well be, *Caduca non Aeterna?* Truly have you said: "it provokes against it the forces of modern civilization."

The Catholic believes his church to be divine, although being also of this world it must needs have its human side, and as far as that side is concerned, it is subject to the faults and failings common to mankind. But its doctrine is divine and hence immune from all human imperfections. He believes that Jesus Christ was God, that therefore Christ's teachings are divine, and that the Catholic Church was founded by Him to be the *sole* custodian and teacher of His doctrines. He further believes that God Almighty, in the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, is continually present in the church, preserving it from error. Hence, Infallibility.

If you stop a moment and consider what all this really means, you will see why it is that the church is so uncompromising, whence its divine self-confidence arises, and why it can command the absolute and undivided allegiance of so many millions. For when a Catholic submits to his church he believes that he is submitting to God Himself, not to "a sovereign elected by the chance vote of a political conclave."

You say with reference to certain Catholic claims, that "theoretically that position is unassailable." This is an excellent example of that misunderstanding referred to above; for there is no distinction between theory and practice in Catholic doctrine. If a thing is true, 'tis true, and there's an end on't, and it must be acted on accordingly, whether "modern civilization" approves of it or not.

"The fact is that the modern church is partly a political power." Here you have put your finger on a fundamental truth. Not only the "modern" church, but the church in all ages, is vitally interested in anything that concerns the moral welfare of her children, and therefore she is vitally interested in any legislation which concerns that moral welfare. If that legislation is in accordance with Catholic doctrine, it is right; if not, it is wrong. There can be no two ways about it; for the Catholic *knows* that one is the law of God, and the other the law of, let us say, the City of New York. How can he but obey the law of God rather than that of the City of New York? This would, as I said, be colossal effrontery, if it were not that the Catholic is more firmly convinced of the divine guidance of his church than he is of the fact that two and two make four; and I mean this literally. The law of man must conform to the law of God.

To a Catholic, his religion is not something to be kept for an hour on Sunday and disregarded for the remainder of the week. To him it is the only thing in the world that *really matters.* He knows that his life here is merely a period of probation, as it were; that the end for which he was created is not to be found in this world; that this existence is only the means by which he can attain that end, and that all must be subordinated to it. Right there is the fundamental difference, the unbridgable gap between Catholicism and modernism—*Aeterna non Caduca,* this world as a means; *Caduca non Aeterna,* this world as an end.

To a Catholic, the pursuit of science is a most laudable occupation. He may diligently ferret out the truth, but must always remember that Nature is but the effect. He may delve for her secrets, but must always keep the great cause before him. To him, Nature is but the reflection of the glory of God, and the study of Nature but the praise of God. In short, prayer. He must never mistake the effect for the cause: *Aeterna non Caduca.*

To the modernist, however, Nature is the alpha and omega, at once the cause and effect. He studies Nature as an end in itself, and some day, he alone, with his unaided intellect, will solve the riddle of the universe! He does not see that there is a far greater gap between Nature and its Cause, than there is between a pump and the intellect that devised it: *Caduca non Aeterna.*

"It stands four-square against most effort to advance scientific knowledge." It most certainly does stand four-square against any modernistic teaching that conflicts with Catholic doctrine, for, as I have said, that doctrine is the teaching of God Himself, and from the very nature of things, no true deduction concerning the creature can conflict with the teachings of the Creator. The teachings of Huxley, of Haeckel, of Kant conflict with the doctrine of the church; therefore, those teachings simply must be wrong. The Catholic is firmly convinced of this whether he can personally refute them on their own ground or not. His position may well be expressed in the words of Dr. Johnson: "If a man give me arguments that I cannot answer, to prove that I cannot see, do I believe that I have no eyes?"

The church's condemnation of Giordano Bruno and Galileo was not *ex cathedra,* and had therefore no claim to infallibility; it emanated purely from the human side of the church, which, as I have already said, is liable to the faults and failings of mankind.

"We cannot believe that a revelation now two thousand years old, so variously interpreted, often so doubtfully historical, must have complete sway in the modern state." You doubtless refer to the Bible. As far as the Catholic Church is concerned, it is certainly not "variously interpreted," nor ever has been, as a cursory examination of the doctrine of the early church will soon show. That portions may be "doubtfully historical" matters not at all. What matters is the accuracy of its statements, and contrary to other Christian religions it is the church which may be said to endorse the Bible, not the Bible the church. The church says, I can vouch for this statement, for I was there and saw it happen; for St. Peter and the other Apostles constituted the church in those days in the same way that the Pope and the Bishops, their successors in an unbroken line, do to-day. This is the "living presence" of the church through the ages. That the revelation is now two thousand years old, also does not matter in the least. If it was

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true two thousand years ago that Jesus Christ was God, it must be true to-day and must be true for all eternity. And if two thousand years ago Jesus Christ laid down His teachings for all time, they must certainly hold to-day.

Such, briefly, is the attitude of the Catholic Church to-day, as it was two thousand years ago. Its effect on the modernist is but to promote a pitying, supercilious smile; but, granted its hypotheses, it must be admitted that the position is unassailable. The Catholic believes these hypotheses by virtue of Faith, that wondrous gift of God, by which he believes a thing which he cannot understand more firmly than if he saw it with his own eyes. For those who do not possess this gift, he fervently prays God that He may bestow it on them, which He most certainly will on all those who will let Him.

From this statement of the case you can easily see that the position of Catholicism and modernism is that of acid and alkali; the two cannot exist together in harmony. The other Christian sects, which, as you rightly say, must be regarded in a different light, are frantically endeavoring to maintain their balance on the top of the fence. They cannot remain there long, they must soon fall to one side or the other. Then will it truly be: "Catholicism Contra Mundum." "I came to bring not peace, but the sword."

E. A. P.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Congress Was Not Coerced

SIR: In your issue of September 16th, page 153, you say that Congress was coerced into passing the eight-hour wage day law, had "a pistol at its head," and, a few lines below, you say that force, the strike, is the weapon the unions are "officially" authorized to use in their differences with their employers. If the second statement is true, or true enough, as it is—for at least the strike is no crime and is sanctioned by official allowance—then the unions cannot justly be branded as highwaymen with pistols in their hands.

Can Congress, then, justly be accused of cowering under a threat? Let us ask a prior question. Can President Wilson be justly accused of yielding to coercion when he intervened and urged his solution, of his own initiative, without any request from "labor," contrary, possibly, to its desire? Of course not. Can Congress, then, be justly accused of yielding to coercion when, on the President's recommendation, it intervened, used its best judgment, and legalized the entering wedge of the President's, not the Brotherhoods' solution? Equally, of course not.

Let us try to be clear-headed. Our laws and practices being what they are, the Brotherhoods had a right to use the strike to secure what they considered their dues, and would cheerfully have used it beginning September 4th unless assured of their basic demand, the eight-hour wage day. As things stood, only Congress could give this assurance, and it did so, judging it better, as the President did, to pass the eight-hour bill rather than to stand aside and by default subject one hundred million people to the appalling calamities of a general railroad strike. Naturally, no congressman enjoyed having to act so quickly; and none of us enjoyed seeing our national legislature so situated. No one enjoys jumping out of the path of a law-abiding, onrushing automobile; it hurts his dignity. But, in both cases, the wise thing is to avoid the smashup, and to prevent the situation for the future, as the President and Congress did and intend to do. Only foolish brains would smash themselves and their fellows for mere dignity's sake. So the Senate thought unanimously. Any one senator, Republican or Democrat, could, under Senate rules, have blocked the eight-hour bill.

In short, in a very dangerous and urgent situation, responsibility for which all of us share, the President and Congress did remarkably good headwork. They deserve our thanks, not our jibes. If it had been a timid blunder to pass the bill, some one out of the forty-odd Republican senators would surely have stopped it, and let the strike come on in this presidential year. So much Mr. Hughes would admit, or at least Justice Hughes would have admitted.

AN INDEPENDENT.

Against Compulsory Arbitration

SIR: It seems to me that you have overlooked several important considerations in your indorsement of the proposed act prohibiting a strike or lockout pending an official investigation and the publication of an official report on the merits of the controversy. We could disregard the objection that such prohibition constitutes the imposition of involuntary servitude, provided no substantial injury were inflicted on the men thus compelled to remain temporarily at work. But would not very substantial injury be inflicted? It seems to me clear that only the very strongest unions would survive such a period of strike-pendency with strength left to conduct a successful strike. The interim between the filing of demands, with notice of intention to call a strike, and the submission of the official report, could and of course would be utilized by the employers in such a way as to make themselves impregnable. Active union men could be discharged on one pretext or another. Strikebreakers could be recruited, held in readiness, and even distributed among the disaffected employees. Operations could be speeded up and surplus product stored, so that orders might be filled after the strike should begin. Individual contracts such as those imposed on Interborough employees by Mr. Shonts could be obtained. Public opinion could be swayed through publicity and advertising campaigns, in order at least to mitigate the effect of a possible adverse report.

Still more serious, and even fatal, in my judgment, would be the effect of such a law on the efforts, now going forward, to organize the vast majority of more poorly paid workers who enjoy none of the benefits of collective bargaining. A concrete instance will make this clear. Last winter the car service employees of the street railways of Washington were quietly organized by representatives of the Amalgamated Association. The work went forward without the knowledge and in spite of the opposition of the companies. Early last spring demands were presented. The companies curtly refused to consider them. A strike was called immediately. It lasted thirty-six hours. The companies then met committees of their men and a few days later a satisfactory contract was signed, greatly improving hours and conditions, increasing wages, and giving the men a new independence and self-respect. Had the Canadian act been in effect, the serving of a strike notice would have been followed speedily by the discharge of the men's leaders. Very few had ever belonged to any labor organization. They were timid, and the elimination of a few strong personalities among them would have resulted in the collapse of their organization long before the official investigation had been completed. It was the quick, incisive, sudden use of the strike weapon that gained the victory.

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That is a typical instance. Unorganized men, unused to collective action, are like sheep. They depend on a few strong personalities among them. Eliminate those leaders, and no organizing movement could succeed.

Moreover, the passage of such an act involves a surrender to the principle of compulsory arbitration. For compulsory investigation, so-called, is almost the same thing. Hostile public opinion is a more powerful deterrent than threat of a jail sentence. And under the proposed act, the making of that public opinion would be delegated to governmental agents. The findings of the official investigators would make or break the cause of the men. The issue is therefore one of compulsory arbitration, and this should be clearly understood by our legislators.

GEORGE P. WEST.

Washington, D. C.

[NOTE: We do not agree with Mr. West that compulsory investigation is the same as compulsory arbitration. We do agree with him that compulsory investigation imposed after the threat of a strike would, under present conditions, often work injustice to the employees in some occupations. Our proposal is more specific and rests on certain presuppositions. It presupposes that unions shall have already been organized and the right of collective bargaining recognized by the community. It presupposes that other non-arbitrable principles which must underlie labor controversies, such as the eight-hour day as a basis of wage-computation, shall have been established in legislation. It proposes then that a continuous commission shall be created to be familiar with the facts on which any just decision must be based. Thus, with the principles established and the facts available, even compulsory arbitration could not be, as it often is now, a balancing of powers in which the weaker must give way. On the contrary, it would be a judicial process protecting at once the rights of the weak and the rights of the public. We believe that the President's full proposal to Congress in settlement of the recent railroad controversy is the nearest approach yet made in this country to such a method. —THE EDITORS.]

Heard on the Train

SIR: She was the colored maid on the limited train bound west from Chicago, and spoke to me the first morning out, after the Conventions were over.

"I see you are a Progressive, too," she said. "I was so blind with tears I couldn't see an object on the car last night, because they wouldn't nominate him."

"Are you interested in politics?" I asked, endeavoring, no doubt, to show that principles, not men, etc. . . . "Well, you know, ma'm, we don't have much concern with politics," she replied. "But he *is our only* friend—although our people have no old country to remember, only this one, we see nobody wants us much anyhow. Lots of Cuban and West Indian niggers come here now and they teach us a lot. They have more spirit, they never was long in slavery. 'You have no country' they says to us, 'and what's more you'll never have until you buy it.'

"They've pretty well convinced us, I guess. We don't want our children to be stenographers that nobody'll hire. We tell them to be cooks and tailors and dressmakers. They'll only earn $40 or $25, where white folks will get twice that, but they can live on little and never commit suicide like white people, and they can buy homes bit by bit. I won't live to see much, but fifty or a hundred years are a short time to wait, and all the time we pray, you know. Prayer is very powerful. We prayed against Tillman, when he spoke such evil against us—three million praying at once night and day—and his mouth was stopped. Of course, lots of white folks don't understand the evil they do us. Mrs. Wilson thought she was doing social work when she cleaned out those poor blacks that had to live in such holes near their work, to live at all. We prayed then, too. You know, we understand Mr. Wilson better than others do. He just can't take Mexicans killing each other very seriously. You live in the South, and if you hear of shooting and killing you just say, 'Well, it'll all be over in a while, anyhow.' Yes, ma'am, you get to think human life is cheap. I wrote that to my old Missie in Mexico when her little boy that I nursed was killed. She just kept saying 'Can't we have Roosevelt?' But I wrote her that she ought not to blame Mr. Wilson so. He just couldn't think it mattered much. My mother lived sixty years with one family on the Eastern Shore and she used to say: 'Harriet, white folks will never lynch each other, they has too much respect.' But she was wrong. It came along, too. We talk and think and pray, but we know that our loyalty don't count much."

"Do Socialists ever come to you and tell you that all the colored races must get together?" I asked.

"Well, yes, ma'm, the Japanese send people to tell us that they don't despise us, and that we should join with them, but they are heathen and I guess we love this country too much for that," she replied.

R. M.

Staatsburg, New York.

Our Neutrality Benevolent

SIR: You say (page 151) in connection with the power of retaliation recently given the Secretary of State by Congress:

"He has, we believe, no present intention of departing from the benevolent neutrality which has hitherto characterized the administration's policy towards the Allies."

Your forcible and reasonable views urging such a policy are fresh in my mind, but that the administration has ever adopted such a course is certainly open to grave doubt. Surely President Wilson was not conscious of it when he defended "strict neutrality" before the Associated Press in April, 1915, as necessary to qualify for the tasks which would confront the nation at the end of the European war. Nor was our American policy in any degree benevolent when in October, 1915, we denounced the Allies' blockade to Great Britain as "without justification" and as "ineffective, illegal, and indefensible." Since then we have had protests from Washington against seizure of our mails, and blacklisting of our hyphenated mercantile concerns—both upon highly technical and somewhat hazy legal grounds, and yet with no lack of asperity.

Since when, then, did "benevolent" neutrality toward the Allies become the Wilson policy?

X. Y. Z.

New York City.

[NOTE: The administration has never avowed a benevolent neutrality toward the Allies, it is true. The principle behind its conduct of negotiations, however, has necessarily discriminated in favor of the Allies. Disputes about policies involving the lives of neutrals, the President has declared, admit no delay in settlement. For this reason our disputes with Germany have been pressed to a conclusion, much to Germany's disadvantage. Policies, how-

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ever, involving only trade and business matters can be, if necessary, the subject of prolonged negotiation, since ultimate reparation is possible. Our controversies with Great Britain have been of this nature, and have not been pressed in a way seriously to inconvenience the Allies. The use of the retaliatory measures would be a departure from this policy.—THE EDITORS.]

Carranza for Antis

SIR: In a letter published in your issue of Sept. 2nd, Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer made the statement that "the welfare of women is thoroughly conserved by men . . . who are as interested in women's welfare as are the women themselves, and always ready to consider special legislation whenever women's peculiar needs require it. This is proved by the laws of Massachusetts and New York, which without the ballots of women have served as models not yet attained by the suffrage states."

Since the suffrage states have advanced far more rapidly in enacting legislation for the protection of women and children, and for the abolition of laws discriminating against women than have the non-suffrage states, Mrs. Meyer's statement can not pass unchallenged. To mention one of many strides made, the eight-hour working day for women is to be found only in equal suffrage states. New York legislators, instead of considering women's special needs in this direction, recently passed bills *abolishing* the *twelve-hour* restriction for women in canneries. It was only the veto of Governor Whitman (a man who believes in giving women the protection of the ballot) that prevented the vicious measure from being placed on the statute books. Had Mrs. Meyer been present at the hearing which the Governor granted to the Consumers' League and the Women's Trade Union League, she would have heard the legislators contending that their constituents demanded the passage of the bill, no legislator apparently considering the non-voting women employees their constituents!

Does Mrs. Meyer believe for a moment that if the members of the Railway Brotherhoods had not been voters, Congress would have rushed through a measure to grant them an eight-hour day? A similar situation was dealt with in Philadelphia a few years ago, when the employees of the city railways went on strike during a municipal campaign. The strikers threatened to vote for a Democratic administration if the Republicans in power failed to support them; consequently great pressure was exerted upon the railway managers to grant the demands of the union, the employees winning the strike and the Republicans the election. When the girls in the New York shirt-waist strike demanded shorter hours, better wages and better working conditions—which we all knew they sadly needed—did any political leaders come to their aid?

It took the Consumers' League twenty-two years to secure a nine-hour day for working women in factories, twenty-four years for women in mercantile establishments in New York. In Missouri, the voteless women, through indirect influence, endeavored to get a nine-hour law enacted. The Attorney-General thought it would be unconstitutional. His statement was: "If a girl wants to work ten hours, no one should have the right to stop her." The Governor was appealed to for aid; he said he couldn't take the matter up. A well known judge was consulted, and he said: "Maybe God will help you, I don't know any one else who would!" Then the Federation of Labor was prevailed upon to push the question. Its delegates said to the Attorney-General: "We represent 12,000 votes, do you want your job next year?" His reply was: "I've been thinking these working girls ought to be protected."

In California the women endeavored for twenty years to get equal guardianship laws passed, but succeeded only the year following their enfranchisement.

Mrs. Meyer states that the anti-suffragist waves aside all doctrines of the right to vote, "it is with her purely and solely a matter of expediency for the state to decide." Mrs. Meyer evidently means *the male electorate of the state*. Mrs. Meyer says she will (through her indirect influence) support Wilson because Hughes has endorsed the proposed federal suffrage amendment. Mr. Hughes naturally cares not at all how many voteless women turn from him to Mr. Wilson. He had sufficient acumen to prefer the votes of women in the enfranchised states to the support of "antis" in the disfranchised states. Since every presidential candidate of every leading political party in the present campaign has endorsed equal suffrage, and as the anti-suffragists are apparently loath to remain outside of politics, it has been suggested that their only logical candidate would be Carranza or Everett P. Wheeler!

MAUD NATHAN.

Why a Judicial Inquiry?

SIR: There can be little doubt as to the soundness of your views respecting the inability of any body *judicially* to determine the wisdom of the so-called eight-hour day law, because of the entire lack of any adopted fundamental principles applicable to the subject.

But why a judicial inquiry? It must be conceded that the selection of eight hours as constituting a day's work is arbitrary. There is nothing magical about the figure eight or the period of time of eight hours. The most that can be said is that among the informed the opinion may prevail that eight hours is all that the average man in industry should be called upon to work. Under these circumstances should there not have been an investigation into the various aspects of the case to inform Congress and the nation of all the reasons for and against the principle, and especially designed to bring out, if possible, its social utility? After those qualified to speak had expressed their opinions upon the subject and had stated the facts upon which their opinions were based we should have had the foundation upon which to take intelligent action. We should have known what made this law desirable from a national standpoint quite apart from the particular and special interest of the railroad trainmen.

If "no amount of investigation into the facts would have helped the board (of arbitration) to decide what rule they should accept" as respects an eight-hour day, then none would be of aid in any similar case. The logical result of this startling proposition must be that we ought to adopt every proposed remedy for our various difficulties of the same nature without investigation, since it would not serve to aid us in choosing correctly. The suggestion of this course is, I think, enough to condemn it. If I have gleaned anything of the spirit of THE NEW REPUBLIC from reading it from its birth it seeks to inspire careful and painstaking study of our many problems, social, economic and political, as the only possible basis for correct and intelligent action. I have, therefore, been unable to understand how you could make any statement so amazing.

W. J. CAHN.

New York City.

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After the Play

"YES, they actually cut a man's head off. You see the sword slice through, and the trunk stands there for a minute, and falls. I can't imagine how it's done."

"Really!"

"That's in the siege of Babylon. It's the most enormous thing I ever saw. Walls at least seventy-five feet high with chariots driving around on the top. And you ought to see the men fall off. Even if they had nets at the bottom, I don't see how they could keep from getting hurt."

It was the account of such wonders that attracted me to "Intolerance." The theatre flaunted a Babylonian warrior and program-maiden in the lobby. Bearded, man-headed lions, with the right fore-leg nobly in advance, concealed the walls. I opened the program. "D. W. Griffith presents the Colossal Spectacle Intolerance, A Sun Play of the Ages." Then two full pages of cast in small type, ending with: "Assyrian, Persian, Median, Roman and French soldiers, militiamen, mill workers, Babylonian dancers, Persians, Ethiopians, East Indians, Numidians, Eunuchs, Roman mobs, people of Jerusalem, Pharisees, Scribes, Publicans, members of the Sanhedrin, ladies in waiting and courtiers at the Court of Charles IX, attendants at the wedding feast of Cana, denizens of the streets of Paris, knights, Huguenots and Guisards, handmaidens of the Babylonian temples, Priests of Bel, Nergel and Ishtar, convicts, camp followers, nobles and subjects of Babylonia."

I looked on the next page for the account of the menagerie and sideshows. These were not mentioned, but I can assure the timorous that there are leopards fearlessly caressed, camels, possibly elephants—I have really lost track of some of the gigantic features—and any number of fine horses. There is a professional strong-man—Elmo Lincoln, "The Mighty Man of Valor," he who lops off the head—and there are a number of babies who smile obligingly at the camera and share the applause with the big things. Audiences always applaud movie babies, just as they always applaud pink scenery.

I had asked my friend whether there was a plot. "Oh, yes," he had replied, "four of them; but I don't remember them very well." Now I understood. "There are four separate stories," reads the program, "each with its own set of characters. Following the introduction of each period there are subsequent interruptions as the different stories develop along similar lines, switching from one to the other as the mind might do while contemplating such a theme." Of course—four rings. You had no sooner found that you were expected to dislike the three reforming ladies in a middle-western city than you were switched over to Babylon and the temple of Bel, watching a flaming idol. This magically dissolved to the streets of Jerusalem, with a bedizened Mary Magdalen in a luxurious litter. Before you really had time to get a good look at her she changed to Catherine de Medici registering hate of the Huguenots. Of course I couldn't swear that this was the actual sequence, but it will do for illustration. And when the various plots thickened, they thickened at cross-purposes, like an indigestible rarebit made by a novice who puts in the beer, the cheese, the eggs and everything else at the same time. The result was indescribably orgiastic to a frugal imagination. Mr. Griffith might really stick a little closer to his prototype by running his four stories simultaneously on different screens. This would at least give the weak-minded a chance to concentrate.

I do not intend to imply that Mr. Griffith's ingenuity has not improved on Mr. Barnum's. He has discovered another great amusement of the American public, and has exploited it—the moral lesson. An easy generalization—that intolerance is the only sin which keeps earth from being paradise—is richly suggestive. To prove the theme he maintains that Babylon fell before Cyrus on account of the intolerance of the Priest of Bel; he portrays the Christian tragedy of Palestine as the result of religious hatred; he tells the old story of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve; and he shows the activity of an imaginary modern charitable foundation whose chief function seems to be sequestrating babies from unfortunate but deserving mothers. All this would appear dangerous to sensibilities. But it is safe to assume that nobody now takes sides between Bel and Ishtar, and in the other stories Mr. Griffith has hedged. He is careful to placate the Jews; he matches the intolerance of Catherine with the intolerance of the Huguenots; and he explains that his charitable foundation is not representative. All the many individual vices and crimes which form part of his story are traced somewhat obscurely to a vast impersonal Intolerance. The result is comfortable in the extreme. Everybody in the audience can hate his enemy for being intolerant. Everybody can assume that he is never intolerant himself. And everybody can feel such an excess of generous virtue that he can stare without a qualm at the many gorgeous pictures of vice which Mr. Griffith strews before him. In the end the theme is doubly valuable because it makes possible a magnificent flight of angels.

The spectacle's the thing, of course; but only a bill-poster would do it justice. Imagine everything Mr. Griffith might say about it, and still words would fail. Probably the archaeology is correct to the smallest jewel. Probably more people are on the screen at a given moment than in any other production. There are battles and sudden death, strange ancient engines of war, chariot races, dancing maidens, exotic feasts, scenes in the court of Charles, etc., etc. It ends by the traditional race between locomotive and motor car. Occasionally there flashed a really well composed picture in lovely brown tones. Authorities without number are cited for the sources of the setting. As to the modern story, says the program, "citations can be had from Woodrow Wilson, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Stewart Mill (sic), Frank P. Walsh, Longfellow, Rousseau, Dr. Charles F. Aked, John Koren and others." But even the spectacle is circussed. The accuracy and the beauty appear to have been employed merely in order to be advertised. The film hurries by so rapidly that nobody has time to evoke any real pleasure from these things. An added sense of the stupendous is the only result.

People who still speak of the movies as a possible form of drama will have to exclude such as film as "Intolerance" from their calculations. The surprising, the enormous, the daring, the sumptuous, in a terrific mêlée of attack on the sensations, eject one from the theatre with the memory of no human emotion except visual amazement and wonder as to how it was done. The attempt is not to stimulate the imagination, but to gorge the senses. Even this attempt is unsuccessful, because the illusion is not played for honestly; one is astounded at the tricks, the expense, the machinery of production, more often than one is absorbed by their result. One might enjoy a quarter of it, stretched out to the full time. But as it is, one prefers Messrs. Barnum and Bailey. G. S.

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A Hero of India

Young India: an Interpretation and History of the Nationalist Movement from Within, by Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50

THE perusal of this keen and resolute little book recalls to me a scene of nearly nine years ago. It was Christmas, 1907, and I had gone to Surat, on the west coast of India north of Bombay, to attend the annual meeting of the Indian National Congress. The delegates and others, numbering over ten thousand, were assembled in a large pavilion, awaiting the chairman and Congress leaders. The air was full of that mental electricity which forbodes a human storm. The two great parties of "Moderates" and "Extremists" in Indian life were moving inevitably to a clash. All night long attempts at agreement or conciliation had proceeded in vain, and now time brought the fated hour. In brilliant turbans of orange, crimson, gold and white, according to the province from which they came, the vast audience sat murmuring or silent. The bare-headed delegates from Bengal were in solid square. With a British Member of Parliament, I passed up the long gangway to my place upon the platform, greeted by applause and shouts of "Bande Mataram" (Hail, Motherland!), the battle cry of Indian nationalism. But below the shouting I could hear penetrating hisses and cries of "Shame!" from men who could not endure the presence of "the ruling race" even in friendship.

So I sat watching the subdued excitement of expectancy, until a quiet, white-turbaned figure entered from a side door. Instantly, the whole ten thousand sprang to their feet. Cheer followed cheer. It seemed as though the cheering would never cease. With sad determination on his face, and hands held pointed together as in prayer (which is the Indian way of deprecating applause, as much as to say, "Not unto us, not unto us be the praise") the white-turbaned figure moved toward the platform. But the cheering never stopped. Who does not love the man or woman that has suffered for a cause? It was Lajpat Rai.

That day's meeting was suspended in confusion. The next day's meeting ended in violent strife. The platform was stormed, the pavilion wrecked, many heads broken. The Extremists withdrew to their separate camp. I half expected to find Lajpat Rai among them, but he was not. Habit or friendship or a lingering hope kept him with the Moderates, and next day he declared his resolve to continue under the old Congress banner. It must have been a difficult resolution, but it was characteristic of the man. No one had more severely criticized the Congress for its unwieldly size, its holiday aspect, its failure to amend the deep poverty and ignorance of India, and its mistaken confidence in speeches and resolutions. Yet, after all, the Congress had existed over twenty years. It had acquired a certain prestige. It was India's only articulate voice. He had belonged to it almost from the first, and while Gokhale remained its true leader, it at least contained the wisest, sweetest-natured, and most devoted personality, in the world of statesmanship. So Lajpat Rai remained with the Moderates and the old Congressmen—"Congress-wallahs," as Anglo-Indians call them, with their customary ill-manners and disdain for the people on whom they live.

He must be something over fifty now—a man who has known trouble, for he has fought long for justice. Trained in the Government College in Lahore, and then a "Pleader" there, he stood aloof from politics for some years, giving all his spare time to the care of orphanages, schools, and banks for his people, or administering famine funds, and relieving the distress in time of plague and earthquake. He was a member of the Arya Samaj, a religious body aiming at a return to primitive Hinduism and the reform of later superstitions and customs, such as animal sacrifice and child marriage. With Mr. Gokhale he visited England in 1905, in the hope of getting India's wrongs listened to and redressed. He returned disappointed. He was convinced that the well disposed in England were too busy with their own affairs; most people were entirely ignorant of India, and content to leave the subject to the "experts" or officials, while, for the rest, he discovered the truth of Ruskin's words that "every mutiny, every danger, every crime occurring under our Indian legislation arose directly out of our native desire to live on the loot of India." Returning in this mood, he taught Indians the necessity of depending on themselves alone for reform. He preached a political Swadeshi (Swadeshi means dependence on home-grown or home-manufactured goods). In May, 1907, he was deported without charge or trial to Mandalay. But Liberalism in England was then young and tender. The true Liberal, Lord Morley, was at the India Office. The right to trial under habeas corpus was still respected in our country, and in November Lajpat Rai was released. At Christmas he attended the Congress, and for his personal sacrifice to the cause of India was received as I have mentioned.

After the Congress I saw him several times in India and in London, always with pleasure. Since the war, I have lost sight of him. We all lost sight of India, except when we could extol the loyalty of Indian troops coming to our aid in France or Egypt, and could congratulate them on being equal fellow-subjects in the same great empire with ourselves; as we did with all the sincerity of trustful ignorance. But now Lajpat Rai re-appears in America, with this trenchant little book. And in the book I find the same keen and disinterested temper, solicitous for peace and philanthropic measures, but stirred to the soul by continued wrong. I should judge that he would find it more difficult now than before to remain among the Moderates, or to class himself with the Congress leaders at all. He justly says of Gokhale that there is no one now who is even half so good and noble as he was. He couples him with the veteran Dadabhai Naoroji as the only Congressman of reputation and name who lived for his country only and gave his all to her sevice. But now that Gokhale, alas! is dead, and Naoroji has far outlived the life of man, Lajpat Rai finds little to admire in the remaining advocates of gradual and moderate reform.

He gratefully recognizes the service and sacrifices of the late Mr. A. O. Hume and of Sir William Wedderburn, that model of devoted integrity, among the British founders of the Congress. But of the Indian founders and subsequent leaders he writes with some bitterness:

> "They failed to inspire enthusiasm among the people, either by their own failure to make sacrifices, or by the *triviality* of their sacrifices. Their ordinary life, their income, their prosperity, and their luxuries were in no way affected by the movement."

And in another place, contrasting the old leaders of the "Moderates" with the present leading spirits of "Young India," he writes:

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"The former would not do anything which would mar their careers, the latter threw away their chances like poisoned bread. The former lived in bungalows, revelled in drawing-rooms and velvet-covered chairs, were attended by liveried servants, ate at well-furnished tables, entertained governors and magistrates; the latter gave up even the little comforts they had, changed trousers for *dhotis,* coats for *chapkans* or *kurtas* (shirts), overcoats for blankets, and boots for ordinary Swadeshi shoes. The former owed their prosperity in life, their positions, and their comforts, to the British system, and were therefore under obligation to the British; but the latter chose the path of poverty and destitution to avoid obligations."

It is, perhaps, a little harsh, a little rhetorical; for after all, the earlier reformers showed some courage in defining the most urgent reforms, and even in suggesting that reforms were called for, while the British people maintained a self-satisfied ignorance, and even the best Anglo-Indian officials were, like all officials, tempted to uphold the official routine at all costs, and to regard the smallest protest from the "natives" or "subject races" as seditious. Nor were the representations of the "Moderate" or constitutional reformers entirely vain. Under Lord Morley's reforms, something at least has been accomplished, in spite of Anglo-Indian resistance or refusal to carry them out; and when the war ends, one can hardly believe that more will not be done to meet the claims of Indians to self-government. That, at all events, was Gokhale's confident hope the last time I saw him, though he was then discouraged both by the tone of Anglo-Indian officialdom, and by the depressing disease which was killing him.

But on the other hand, we cannot wonder at Lajpat Rai's sympathy with the younger and more independent spirits who are now working in various ways for their country's ultimate liberation from a system which is foreign, however benevolent. There is an irresistible attraction about people who risk all—who say to themselves, "Now let everything go in." However much we may disagree with such enthusiasts and think their means harmful, and their objects vain, no generous critic can withhold his respect and admiration. Especially in India this is true, for the result of our government there has been to "emasculate" the people (as they put it)—to sap their independence, to thwart their enterprise, to stifle their initiative, and compel them to look for every benefit to the British government alone.

The more fatherly and benign our government, the more certain has been the enfeebling result. Our system seems constructed with the hope of keeping those enormous populations in benevolent tutelage for ever and ever. The result is not real benevolence, and the hope is vain. Against such a system of paternal and eternal dominance the movement is directed which Lajpat Rai describes with inner knowledge under the name of "Young India." The members of the movement, he tells us, "would much rather gain Home Rule in India by peaceful means and remain a part of the British Empire than subvert British authority in India by force or seek the assistance of any other foreign Power to gain their end." But in case the British rulers continue to treat Indians as members of a helpless and despised "dependency," they must look out for trouble. The Indians, he tells us, are a chivalrous people, and will not disturb England so long as she is engaged with Germany. But the number of Indians is growing larger and larger who are ready to sacifice their careers, their prospects, their happiness, and their life to what they consider their duty to their country. It is a truth I have known and tried to impress upon my fellow countrymen for many years past. But hitherto the barriers of our national ignorance, indifference, confidence in good intentions, or belief in mere suppression as effective for producing peaceful loyalty have been impenetrable where India is concerned.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

London.

A New Realist

Casuals of the Sea, the journey of a soul, by William McFee. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. $1.50.

LIKE trees warped in a bitter wind every "casual" in this novel is forced aslant by poverty. One might suppose, on this account, that "Casuals of the Sea" is acid and biting. This is not the case. The poverty of the Gooderich family is sharp but not finally destructive. Bert, it is true, is wiped out in the Boer war. Hannibal becomes one of the Black Squad on a tramp steamer. Minnie divagates. Mrs. Gooderich, after her tipsy husband is drowned and before Minnie marries, eats the bread of the London charwoman and takes its paradoxical price, the sub-minimum wage. But Mr. McFee is not a Gorky. He is much more a disciple of Arnold Bennett. He has a hard brightness which illumines the path he is traveling. One luxuriant emotion he has, the love of the sea. For the rest he is pointedly intelligent in manner. He writes on copper and with a needle.

"Casuals of the Sea" is more than a story. It is self-expression, poignant, contained. No one could say that as a story it is quite satisfactorily organized. In craftsmanship it is not merely irregular, it is sometimes inept, amateurish, bad. But a man's title to art does not depend entirely on whether he manages or mismanages his material with relation to the telling of his story. He loses his title only if he mismanages in such a way as to sacrifice the sense of life. This kind of failure Mr. McFee almost entirely escapes. The costliness of adhering to life he has bravely afforded.

In its form "Casuals of the Sea" is impaired by the interlude devoted to Minnie. During that interlude, making up the section entitled "The City," there is no history of the man whose soul is presumably *en voyage.* When the author returns to the youth Hannibal, moreover, he is condemned to set Minnie almost completely aside and never to fill in the account of her that he has whetted us to expect. This is unsatisfactory. To say it is "like life" would be absurd. In fiction one nominates the characters of whom one wishes to write. There is nothing more subtle about the Minnie "episode" than a failure to graft two stories into one.

Apart from this defect in the grouping of his material, as it appears to the present writer, there is a deeper defect in the sketch of Minnie's first lover, Anthony Gilfillan, afterwards Sir Anthony, a brilliant climber, a man of "indomitable will." He is a promoter, a sort of Publicity King, but Mr. McFee seems to admire him. "No imagination was needed to secure Mr. Gilfillan's opinions. You had them clicked into your ear in excellent English, French, German, or Spanish, according to your nationality. If you were a mother he talked bicycles, babies, and bassinettes, urging the superior resiliency of inflated rubber as a tyre for your infant's vehicle. . . If you were by any chance artistic, he would produce a drawing cut out of *Jugend* or the *Figaro,* and it would pay you to listen to his opinion

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of D. Y. Cameron, of whom he had an early example." This precious owner of an early D. Y. Cameron is speaking "rapid, but evilly pronounced French" at an Italian restaurant some pages later. Minnie and he strike a bargain, and he clinches it in ready cash. What is she to buy? "Buy? Romance, my child. Ribbons, flowers, scents, silks, chiffons, rings for your fingers and bells for your toes." Gilfillan is necessary to the story, but he is its least sound characterization.

The "indomitable personality" of Gilfillan is not the sole subject open to criticism. When Mr. McFee gets sententious he can be banal. "Not for nothing is the hand-clasp, the shoulder-touch, the waist-girdling arm, the kiss, held by us to be potent factors of drama. Physical touch is indeed the coarsest, yet at times the subtlest, method of communication betwixt soul and soul." These large generalizations are not offensively frequent. They are simply human blemishes in an altogether exceptional book. For when Mr. McFee writes of Minnie in her transition from factory work to work as a courtesan, and writes of Hannibal in his transition from a lout quarrelling with his mother to a tobacconist's assistant with one of the dreadful turgid British Browns, and later a steward and later still a fireman, he is clear, secure, veracious.

Is Minnie the kind of phenomenon that the author supposes her to be in his "defence": "You may, if you please, sit at home in your family and deplore the profligacy of her life [she had been the mistress of more than one man]. . . . You may do all this and fail to grasp the essential points of her defence, that feelings control men and women, not thoughts, that effort is non-moral, that finally you yourself, in your comfortable home, are as responsible as she. Mr. Gilfillan's fine Flowers of Publicity are no more inevitable products of our age than Minnie's callous independence of soul. We have cackled of the romance of business until business is our only romance. We have slain Poesie, and her pale phantom stalks amid our stark realities unrecognized and undesired." In the language of editorial conference, this is all "highly controversial." Minnie is surely the last person in the world controlled by her feelings. She is "a girl with a hyper-sensitive brain and atrophied affections." Her sentiments, such as they are, are licensed, muzzled and trained to walk at her heel. But it is not Mr. McFee's interpretation of her that matters, it is his representation, and that is peculiarly successful. Her "clear brain," her "small and compact intellect," her physical soundness and balance, her neat-handedness, her lack of nonsense, her courage, have all a tangible existence. That tangibility is enhanced for the reader by her racy accents. "Personality!" she observes of her soulful literary-lady employer. "I'll give her credit for this, that she can do the creeping Jesus turn better than anybody else I've ever seen. And we had several holy-willies up at the factory." This spiced talk changes as she matures. Her hard sense comes in when she marries her bronzed sea-captain and settles down to undesired but accepted maternity. She definitely chooses respectability on eminently characteristic grounds. The conscience she has for her mother is also characteristic, and so is her mother's submission to her daughter's marriage-certificate.

A much more explicable human being, because interdependent, is Hannibal, who runs away to sea. His love affair with Nellie of the Stormy Petrel bar is the one touch of articulate personal romance in the book. There is a larger romance for him in the sea. "When you are going to and fro across the Seven Seas, carrying coal to the Islands, loading oil in the West, taking sugar from Java to Germany, and salt from Germany to New York, your attitude towards the eternal verities becomes strained. You begin to understand the men about you, why they say continually that these things are nothing, and revolve on your own pivot. The ship takes on an importance you could not conceive before: her very vilenesses are dear to you. You become a part of her. You hear, in the night watches, her voice as she labours onward, the little intimate complaints of her fabric. And then, when in the forecastle you hear the incredible clangours of the chain-locker as the anchor plunges headlong to the mud of the harbor, it is to you more than the fall of empires, and the first look through the port is like the discovery of a new world."

This quotation may suggest the quick, keen utterance of the novel. Out of middle-class London, the second-hand bookshop, the eupeptic bourgeois Browns, he gets the same material. It is the essential quality of his responsive art. It reflects a personality that has been forced to expression by its own pungency.

"Casuals of the Sea" was written for the most valid possible reason—to reproduce human destinies sincerely. Its sincerity is profound. The tenseness and self-consciousness and scepticism of a man censoring himself it undeniably has. Mr. McFee is not exuberant. When he writes of the ocean, however, he is exciting and contagious. It is certainly in this part of the book that he is most happily at home. In all of it, however, there is the desire to capture reality, and the capture of it. It is a book that despite its faults and immaturities is the work of a creator. It goes into the highest category of the novel.

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Recent Publications

The Book of the Dance, Arnold Genthé. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $6.00.

THIS miscellaneous collection of photographs will be gratefully accepted by a generation which is so little accustomed to beauty in human beings that even a vain attempt at it is a relief. Yet it provides many an example of the difference between a dancer and a person who has a vague aspiration to beauty. Between the grotesqueries of a Lady Constance Stewart Richardson and the perfection of a Pavlowa, there is as much difference as between a frame tenement-house and the Parthenon. Anyone who looks at these photographs with something more than excitement must regret the present inflated enthusiasm which assumes that, because the instinct to rhythmic movement is universal, everybody who postures and skips about is a God-given prophet of the religion of the beauty of the human body. Doubtless we all regret that our civilization does not pay so much attention to our bodies as did that of Greece, but it is a mistake to think of the streets of Athens alive with replicas of Aphrodite and Hermes, or to believe that virtuosity in any style of dancing can be or ever could be attained by anything except rare talent and conscientious training. There are here perhaps a dozen photographs which really satisfy in spirit, in composition of line and in plastic quality. There are a dozen others almost good—marred by a bent knee which should have been straight, a broken line at the ankle, a stiffness indicating a pose rather than easy motion. Others may be admired for a single good quality—arms, expression or form of the body. These include most of the nudes. The rest are commonplace or worse. Mr. Genthé is to be thanked for giving us a book not of conscientiously chosen excellence, but of current types, some of which are lovely.

England's Effort: Letters to an American Friend, by Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

TO many of us the British attack on La Boisselle and Fricourt the other day symbolized in crashing shell the changed order of the war. For the first time the Allies were on the offensive on all fronts; their superior resources in men and money were at last organized to effectiveness and beginning to tell. In that organization England has played the most conspicuous part, and by the power of artillery moulded in English workshops the bitter memories of the Antwerp expedition and the Dardanelles, the battle of Loos and the mistakes at Ypres, will be softened and finally lost. The old jests about England expecting every Frenchman to do his duty and the scoffing of a year ago at English military inefficiency have an archaic ring to-day. Mrs. Ward wrote her book when many Americans were still sceptical of England's traditional determination. She visited the munition factories and the field headquarters behind the lines on the western front, constantly working herself into a mood of literary astonishment at the vastness of the preparations and the speed with which they are being accomplished. She tells about what she saw in "England's Effort" with a graceful rhetorical flair; she gives a great many unrelated but interesting statistics; she has much to say concerning "dilution" and the employment of women; she stands amazed at "the whole stupefying revelation of the German hatred and greed towards this country [England], and of the qualities latent in the German character." To those who are still unconvinced of Great Britain's seriousness of purpose, Mrs. Ward's book may bring a change of views. For them its out-of-date quality—the penalty which so many war books pay for their impressionism—will hardly constitute an objection. But "England's Effort" will disappoint any one hoping for some critical or illuminating insight. At the best it throws out sentences which, although making a specious attempt to suggest an idea, in reality carefully avoid coming to grips with it, as, for example, when she writes of the invasion of women into the factories, "One's thoughts begin to follow out some of the possible social results of this national movement" (of course Mrs. Ward's thoughts don't follow them out), or "The pressure of the war is doing a real service to both employers and employed by the simplification and overhauling it is everywhere bringing about." These empty intellectual gestures do suggest what real value a study of economic conditions in war-time England would have in helping to make easier the inevitable adjustment when the men return, and it is to be hoped that sociologists, with no eye to a neutral country, are being given the same opportunities for observation that were accorded Mrs. Ward. For "England's Effort" doesn't pretend to be much more than frankly ephemeral propaganda. Only—unlike most propaganda—it happens to be well written.

Thomas Hardy, by Harold Child. Writers of the Day Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents.

STUPIDITY about Thomas Hardy's pessimism disfigured G. K. Chesterton's brilliant handbook on "The Victorian Age in Literature." There is no such blemish of stupidity in this comprehending essay by Harold Child. "The Dynasts" he considers Hardy's greatest work. "Even more than the finest among the tragic novels, the tragic poem is full of a great pity and a great patience. It cannot comfort; but it does better. Like all great tragedy, it is 'kathartic,' purging those who learn to love it of meanness and impatience and self-pity. Like all great art, it exalts and enlarges. Perhaps, in the end, that is the word for Hardy's work." This may sound acquiescent, and in so far as authority is necessary to the purest critical delight Mr. Child does not have it in imposing degree, but he is sincere and sympathetic, and he pays the greatest possibile tribute to genius, the tribute of having read him, of inducing other people to read him. The impression that is forced into these 20,000 words is amazingly strong and varied. It is practically impossible to receive it without turning to the Titan that inspired it, a creator of such deep foundation, power and heartrending perception that his place is among the very great.

The Heart of Rachael, by Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

WITH the "Heart of Rachael," Mrs. Norris renews the attack on the divorce problem from an angle as remote from Winston Churchill's detachment in "A Modern Chronicle" as from Mrs. Humphry Ward's Victorian recoil in "Marriage à la Mode." Characteristically she writes with her peculiar gift for the woman's psychology, entirely from the heroine's outlook, an intimate account of her feelings, revulsions and judgments. For Rachael Breckenridge, the quick-witted, the cool-blooded, having "married for an establishment," is bored with a husband whose chief occu-

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pation is recovering from late dinners. Rather humanly, she finds her boredom entirely unendurable only when she discovers Dr. Warren Gregory. She escapes through the channel of desertion, divorce and re-marriage, becoming as Rachael Gregory infinitely warmer-blooded but, alas, less nimble-witted. Overwhelming devotion to her new husband precipitates fatuity; she even follows him around the golf course with proud smiles and a parasol. Adoring her husband and two children, she is radiantly happy for several years. Then enter Maggie Clay, impudent, daring little Magsie, the stage protégée, unusually equipped to wreck the status quo. As in "Julia Page," Mrs. Norris scores most in this characterization of principals whose humanness breathes conviction. Admirable also in ironic relief is Rachael's social background of motoring diners-out on Long Island—their nine-minutes wonder over her divorce and foreseen acceptance of a *brilliant* second marriage. But one cannot help wishing Mrs. Norris would be content to let her really admirable narrative speak for itself and not turn propagandist. Half-formulated questions seem churning beneath the surface of her thought and rising to the top prompt the heroine to misleading Sybilline generalizations. "No divorce on any grounds!" Rachael announces. "It cannot be reconciled to law; it defies law —But perhaps some day I will strike the system a blow. It is women like me who understand and will help to end it." But does she, who owes happiness, children and her very being to the divorce court? Unable to face a second divorce, Rachel demonstrates a normal tenacity for happiness rather than the impossibility of the institution. Granting all the ugly implications of her evolution, she is too much the glowing phoenix to have her final verdict other than "somehow good." Mrs. Norris has builded too well for her own logic. She might better have struck a real blow at "the system" by getting at causes through a realistic analysis of the shallow culture which induces nine Rachaels out of ten to "make a good match" at twenty.

The Bird House Man, by Walter Prichard Eaton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35.

MR. EATON has a habit of turning occasionally from criticism to creation and writing a novel. His newest one is about Alec Farnum, who lives by building bird-houses, making matches between the young couples in his New England village and restoring love to aged couples who have lost it. For the artless reader Alec is a feathery old practitioner who receives the plaudits of his grateful patients. In reality he is a tedious old meddler. Chapter-headings such as "The Wren," "The Song-Sparrow" and "The Chickadee" give an idea of what is contained in the series of stories that comprise the book. In each of them a wounded couple flutters aimlessly until Alec Farnum arrives on the scene. An irrational censorship condemns Mr. Dreiser but permits Mr. Eaton to write a book whose sugary immorality is far more destructive to public taste. It is disheartening to see so earnest a critic as Mr. Eaton turning out the sort of emasculated best-seller which should most arouse his critical faculties. "She bowed her head and wept," writes Mr. Eaton, "while the man pulled the dog's long ears. . . . The lovers returned, laughing, from the kitchen, and before the party broke up Ruth stood by the tiny mantel fingering a mahogany clock that had belonged to dear papa, and sang 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

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